



T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

M I S S T E M P L E.



HISTORICAL

MISS TEMPLE

M. W. S. T. O. R. Y.

MISS TEMPLE

VOL. II

THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS TEMPLE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

“ ——— generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,

“ And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

YOUNG.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

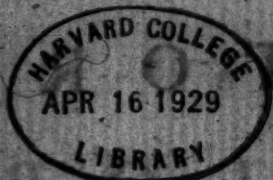
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Greenough fund

MISS TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY A YOUNG LADY

"—Greenough fund, which is held, namely,
"the collection which originates the fund."
Yours,

VOL. II

1000

And for William Greenough, Jr. it is given, to
Helen, daughter, and to Emily, and
Frances and William, and to their issue.

UNCLASSIFIED

100

HISTORY

MISS TEMPLE.

LETTER I.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

GRANGER ABBEY.

IF any thing could increase the regret I feel at parting with my dear Antonia, it would be the task I have imposed upon myself, during her absence. What have I not to

VOL. II.

B

fear,

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fear, my dear child, from your alarming sensibility! You know not what you request.—I should be happy if you would permit my experience to save you some pain.—But it will not be. The human mind is in a continual state of progression, and will not stay at one point, be it ever so desirable. Happy ignorance, which you now possess! except you can make the gratification of your curiosity, subservient to your happiness—The ways of providence, my dear Antonia, are inscrutable, and beyond our comprehension.

It has been one of the first wishes of my heart to see you happy.—Let not the means I take to make
you

you so, have a contrary effect---
 Resign yourself to the will of heaven, and give me the pleasure of seeing my compliance with your wishes, does not prove destructive to that peace I so fondly wish to promote.

It is necessary, before I give you any account of your parents, to inform you how I became acquainted with them; which will oblige me to give you a little history of my own life.

I am youngest daughter to the Count de Valais, who had several children; and in order to augment the fortunes of the elder, as is very

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usual in France, sent me, and my youngest sister to a convent.—Its gloom and retirement ill suited my disposition: that of my sister was more passive and indifferent; and consequently, her situation was thereby rendered less irksome than mine. We were treated in the most tender and affectionate manner imaginable by the whole convent, as indeed are all those who are only in their probationary state, in order to reconcile them to their situation, and to remove those horrors which generally seize young minds, when they apprehend the loss of liberty, and of those pleasures which, at that season of life, are so alluring. Some of the sisters who were there much
against

against their inclinations, soon informed us, that the indulgencies we enjoyed as novices would be entirely debarred us, when we had taken the veil. The evil day however appeared at a great distance; as we were much under the age of entering into those solemn engagements.

In the mean time, we were frequently visited at the parlour of the convent by our acquaintance, with whom we conversed with the utmost freedom: and my mother would sometimes call for us, to take an airing with her; and, on such occasions, never failed to extol the peace and security of a monastic life.

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saying how preferable it must be, opposed to the dissipation and treachery of the world. We heard her in silence; our hearts invariably dissenting from her opinion.

As my apprehensions were more violent, so was my aversion stronger than my sister's; who quietly resigned herself to her fate; while my uneasiness began visibly to impair my health. None could guess the cause, as I had not betrayed my dissatisfaction to any but my sister, and an amiable nun, who had a great friendship for us. She advised me to conceal my dislike to the convent, as that would be the only means to effect an escape from it. I followed

ed her directions with a degree of circumspection, of which I could scarcely have believed myself capable; insomuch, that when the doctors declared, in the presence of the Lady Abbess, that change of air was absolutely necessary to the recovery of my health, I feigned a reluctance to quit the convent, though for so salutary a purpose. She was overjoyed at my attachment to it, but represented the necessity of my leaving it at that time—and I at length seemed to submit to *her* will, rather than to gratify my *own* inclination; and with a heart elate with joy, and a countenance disguised in sorrow, I quitted a place, I

ardently wished never more to re-enter.

I was carried to a *chateau* of my father's, where, though I saw no company, I was much better contented, than in the convent---The walls were such as I could look over; and instead of dreading to be chained there for life, I was apprehensive every hour of being torn away from it.---I dreaded the consequence of my returning health. When I beheld the roses beginning to revisit my cheeks, my fears caused their temporary banishment.

In all my letters to the Lady Abbess, I complained of the tardiness
of

of my indisposition, which prevented me so long from throwing myself at her knees. Never young creature was more apprehensive than I was at that time; and if dissimulation could ever be pardonable, it was in such a case as mine, when all my future happiness in life was at stake.

It was my custom to ramble, when the weather would permit, to a considerable distance from the house; so that I became able to walk several miles in a day. I know not how it happens, that the human mind has generally the strongest propensity to those enjoyments, which seem most out of its reach. To this I

attribute my excessive fondness for walking far. The restrictions I had been used to, were odious and galling to me: I hated to be bounded, even by myself; and often strayed out of my knowledge, without a single attendant; and generally returned so much fatigued, that I sometimes fainted before I could be put to bed. Indeed I was prompted to roam by a restless anxiety, that made me wish to meet with some happy incident, which might exempt me from the horror of being secluded from the world, and forever immured in a place, which was become more than ever the object of my dislike and abhorrence.

I was

I was one day dreadfully alarmed by a visit from my father and mother, who congratulated me on my recovery, and told me I was at liberty to return to the convent whenever I pleased; and that the hopes of my returning with them that day, had been one motive for their visit. I had the address to conceal my excessive chagrin and mortification, by feigning a transport.--- A moment's reflection, however, convinced me they could not stay all night, my father being obliged to attend the king's levee the next day.---Without seeming to recollect that necessity, I entreated them to stay till the morning, as I could not possibly travel in the evening,

from an indisposition, which frequently returned at the approach of it. This was corroborated by my nurse, who had often seen me indisposed from my extreme fatigue; and the pretence succeeded to my wishes; as my mother declared that she disapproved of my quitting the country, till my health was perfectly re-established; and begged me to submit to have my absence from my beloved convent a little prolonged, as it would be the means to procure me a lasting continuance there. With this I patiently acquiesced: and had the pleasure to see them depart, and to find myself once more at liberty to plan my future enlargement.

B 6

I sat

I sat down one day in a thick wood, and resigned myself to a despondency, which made me feel unable to rise. I formed the wildest schemes imaginable, which were rejected as soon as they occurred. I was at length interrupted by the sound of somebody coming towards me. I had never yet seen a human creature in all my rambles—the country was much retired, as all the noblemen who had seats in the neighbourhood, were at that time obliged to attend the court. Ten thousand gay prospects darted into my mind in a moment. I had no idea of fear from those who were approaching—I dreaded nothing so much as the convent, and had no apprehen-

apprehensions of any other evil. I waited a little time, till fearing they had taken another path, I started up and ran hastily towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, where I beheld a gentleman and lady seated upon the grass. I was confused at the idea of intruding upon them; and for some time stood irresolute, whether to retreat or proceed.

During this interval I had leisure to observe them. The lady seemed about the age of twenty; her person was elegant, and her complexion delicate, with fine expressive blue eyes, which were replete with ineffable sweetness. The *tout ensemble*, in short, was such

such as I cannot describe; but refer you to your looking-glass for a faithful representation of it. The gentleman appeared about her own age, tall, elegant and manly. His hair hung gracefully over his shoulders; his eyes were black and penetrating; and his countenance was softened, as he leaned over the lady in a tender attitude. He spoke in a low voice, to which she seemed very attentive. They looked up on my nearer approach, and I began to apologize for intruding on their retirement. They politely assured me, that my appearance in so lonely a place, was a very agreeable surprize upon them; that as I had walked unattended, they supposed me to be a neighbour, and should

should be happy in my future acquaintance. I made my acknowledgments with a pleasure I did not attempt to conceal; and presently after accompanied them to partake of a little repast, which waited for them in an adjoining garden.

Notwithstanding their obliging efforts to dispel the melancholy which oppressed me, I could not surmount the timidity which prevented me from disclosing my situation; and imploring of them that protection I so ardently wished to obtain.

The lady spoke very indifferent French; but strove to make me cheerful by a thousand obliging assiduities.

duities. When I prepared to depart, they renewed their invitations to see me frequently. Their kindness overcharged my already full heart; and bursting into tears, I cried, "Alas! you will never behold me more." They appeared much affected with my distress, and readily prevailed on me to tell them the cause of it; and professed themselves desirous to rescue me from so disagreeable a situation. "But," (said the gentleman) "consider, Mademoiselle, when your father becomes acquainted with your flight, he will doubtless make the strictest inquiry in the neighbourhood; and I dare not flatter you that my house will be exempted from his scrutiny. I keep but few servants, it is true; but

but those I should be unwilling to confide in, so far as to rely on their silence, if questioned about your being here. You may however return home to night, in full confidence, that I will devote my utmost endeavours to serve you, and that this lady will render you every assistance in her power."

Thus encouraged, I took my leave, when I arrived in sight of the *Chateau de Valais*, whither they were so kind as to accompany me.

I spent several succeeding days in collecting what few cloaths and jewels I had brought with me from the convent. While I was thus busied, I received

received a letter from my mother, with some new suits of cloaths and jewels, which I was to wear on the day appointed for my sister to take the veil. With these she sent me a handsome purse, to reward, as she said, those who had attended me in my sickness; and to enable me to recommend myself to the Lady Abbess, and others of the sisterhood, by a few well-timed presents on my return to the convent.

It is impossible to conceive the excess of my transports at this unexpected good fortune. Every thing seemed to conspire towards the gratification of my wishes. Even my mother

mother liberally contributed to forward them. I thus went armed, and I impatiently waited for the next morning, that I might hasten to the wood with the joyful intelligence. The whole night elapsed, without my being once able to close my eyes; and as soon as the twilight appeared, I slipped on my *robe de chambre*, and wrapped up my cloaths in little parcels, convenient for carrying under my arm. When that was finished, I got into bed again; and the broad day appearing, I rung for my woman, who came and dressed me: and after a short repast, I set out for the wood, taking all my jewels, including those my mother had just sent me. My hopes

hopes gave the utmost alacrity to my steps; and I bounded over the grass, almost without leaving the print of my feet behind.

I knocked at the garden-gate, and was presently admitted by the lady herself. My joy was almost too great to permit me to inform her of the occasion; but judge how much it was augmented, when she told me they had settled the plan for my escape and future security, and waited only for an opportunity to inform me of it.

I was expressing my joy and gratitude in the most enthusiastic manner imaginable, when the gentleman appeared. I flew to him with uplifted hands;

hands. "Ah Chevalier!" (cried I) "your goodness makes me happy, how shall I repay it!—But for Heaven's sake, what will you do with me? whither will you carry me?"—"I will bring you hither, charming Mademoiselle," (replied he) "my wife will receive you with open arms; only submit to the conditions I have to propose, and you will be secure from every pursuit"—"To any proposals, any conditions, my dear Chevalier, I will submit; only name them and I am all obedience. Heavens! to what would I not consent, to free myself from this terrifying apprehension?"

We sat down, and he briefly informed,

formed me, that he was an Englishman; that his misfortunes had driven him, with that lady, from their native country; that they had resided here about sixteen months, and had been in daily expectation of a friend from England, who had proposed a visit to them upon their first arrival, and that they had now received a letter from him, dated from Calais; where he had just landed, in which he requested the Chevalier to meet him at Paris in order to conduct him to the wood. Now, Mademoiselle, (continued he) have you resolution enough to habit yourself like a man, and be introduced here as the brother of my friend? if you have, I will accomodate you with a suit which
this

this Lady wore when she accompanied me hither."—"I am ready to do any thing, or go any where you please, Chevalier, (said I,) happy happy girl that I am!—Heavens! is it possible? Am I the same Isabella de Valais?—Equip me as you please; I wait only your commands to attend you whither you will."—My vivacity pleased them: I was then at the lively age of eighteen, with all the gaiety of my country, heightened by an additional share of sensibility from the peculiarity of my situation.

It was now concluded that I should immediately return to the *Chateau de Valais*, and bring, to a convenient distance

distance from the house, as many cloaths as I could carry, without observation. I did so; and early the next morning, repaired, by appointment, to the garden, where the lady waited to equip me with the suit before mentioned. When I was completely dressed *en Cavalier*, the Chevalier attended to inform me, that a carriage which he had procured from the next town, was waiting for him. He conducted me to a part of the wood which opened to the road, and where he proposed to take me up. Accordingly a few moments brought the chaise to my sight; I hastened to meet it, and was received by the Chevalier as a person whom he expected. At the next stage he

dismissed that carriage and hired another. I now looked upon myself as entirely secure, and yielded to all that luxury of delight which my escape suggested. I enjoyed the company of the Chevalier extremely. He had fine sense, and a pleasing address, and omitted nothing which was likely to contribute to my pleasure and amusement.

About noon the following day, we arrived at Paris, where we found the Chevalier's friend expecting us. This gentleman was no other than Sir William Granger; who, being already apprized of my affair by the Chevalier, had sent back his English servants, and did not propose

pose taking others till after my arrival, in order to prevent any suspicion. Sir William was then in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—His person was pleasing, and his temper and address, mild and insinuating.—To say only that I was *pleased* with him, would give but a faint idea of the sentiment I felt for him. I was no less delighted that the character I had to support, obliged me to be frequently near his person. He appeared no less prepossessed in my favour, and I cannot, even at this period, recollect the unmixed pleasure I then enjoyed, without feeling a faint repetition of the agreeable emotions which then occupied my breast.

We found it necessary to stay all night in Paris, and in the evening went to the opera. We had not been seated long, before my father and mother, and several others belonging to the court, came in, and sat in the two boxes next to us. I was at first so much alarmed, that I forgot my disguise; and was overwhelmed with a consciousness, which made me forget that it would screen me from their observation. Sir William perceiving my confusion, enquired the reason. "Oh, Heavens! (said I) see the Count de Valais and my mother! save me Chevalier Granger; carry me away immediately." --- "Consider Mademoiselle, (said Sir William) they imagine you

you to be yet at the *chateau*, and can have no idea of seeing you in this place; and in that habit. Compose yourself, lest your emotions betray you."

You know not, I imagine, Antonia, what it is to be soothed by the voice of love, nor its immediate influence over the most distracting perturbations. My fears subsided into a placid serenity; a thousand soft wishes played about my heart: the music was fine; the company brilliant; and Sir William seized every opportunity to testify his dawning regard for me. Mine for him made a rapid progress in my breast. I knew little of men, but from books,

and was therefore ignorant of the levity of those, who seek only to amuse themselves, by professing a passion to every woman they converse with. My inexperience prevented me from doubting the sincerity of his professions, and I gave myself up, without reserve, to those dear and tender sensations which result from loving and being beloved.—In short that night alone was sufficient to complete his conquest.—My eyes were too faithful an index of my heart, not to express the most finished satisfaction.

It has often been observed that habit blunts every pleasure, and that novelty heightens it. And certain
it

it is, I should never have been so enraptured with liberty, and the smiling train of new ideas and enjoyments that attended her, if I had till then possessed that mediocrity of happiness which results from gradual acquisitions, be they ever so valuable. I was beginning to despair of ever tasting happiness, when it rushed in a full tide upon me. I was elevated above every consideration of what my parents would feel. They had made me a sacrifice to their ambition; and I considered that I should have been equally lost to them in the convent; with this only difference, that there I should have languished out my days in a joyless sequestration from all the delights

of life, and that I was now new-born to love and happiness.

After the opera we retired to our hotel, and early the next morning set out for the wood, where we arrived late in evening. The Chevalier introduced me to his lady, before the servants, as the brother of Sir William; I had fortunately picked up a smattering of English from some young ladies who were boarders in the convent when I resided there.

When the servants were withdrawn, I flew to her, and throwing my arms round her neck, and embracing her, poured out the effusions of my heart in acknowledgements for
her

her kindness. A delicate blush overspread her fine face,—she half repelled my careffes, and casting a glance at her husband, seemed overpowered with an amiable and elegant confusion. From a congeniality of soul he felt the full force of it, and catching her fondly to his bosom, exclaimed “enchanting, charming Antonia! how do you re-subdue a heart already yours.”

I was abashed at having disconcerted her: the Chevalier relieved me, by taking my hand and presenting me to her. “Admit my love, (said he) the endearments of the amiable Isabella de Valais, in the character of this young gentle-

man"—She saluted me with a sweet and amiable timidity, and welcomed me once more to the wood, with a cordiality which was checked by nothing but my garb and her own delicacy; and congratulated me on having gained the desired point with so little difficulty.

After the most agreeable evening I had ever spent, we each retired to our apartments.—The fatigues I had undergone; the loss of sleep for several preceding nights; but above all the tranquillity of my mind, lulled me to rest, and made my slumbers sweet and refreshing.

The days glided happily on in this

this charming retreat. Sir William Granger instructed me in English: and the amiable couple seemed to vie with each other who should render me the most essential service. But they all united to do me the greatest that the human mind is capable of conferring or receiving, and for which my heart now glows with the most lively gratitude, and in which I humbly hope ever to rejoice. — This was no other than clearing my mind from those mists of superstition and error, which had involved it from my earliest infancy. — From them I learned the great truths of genuine christianity, and at length abjured the Romish religion.

As the Chevalier had foreseen, my father sent to enquire if I had been seen by them. The Chevalier evaded a direct reply; but answered with seeming frankness, that they had once seen me in the wood; (naming the time they first met me there); that it was near the evening, but that all their entreaties could not prevail to permit any one to attend me home.

This effectually precluded any farther enquiries, and I looked upon myself as entirely safe from their future researches. My becoming a convert to the protestant religion, confirmed my aversion to the convent, not only from inclination but principle, and attached me the more strong-

ly

ly to Sir William.—Observing me sigh one day on revolving my past life, he tenderly took my hand, “why that sigh my lovely Isabella? do you regret the loss of those whose duty taught them to mislead your judgement? and whose blind prejudice, and unnatural prudence, concurred to render you as miserable, as a total exclusion from the blessings, let me say, the principal blessings of life, could make you? Ah Isabella! how unhappy shall I be, if I can refer you to no inward sentiment, which can reconcile you to your present situation?”

He pressed my hand to his bosom, and waited with a tender anxiety
for

for my reply. "Ah Chevalier Granger! (said I) I am fearful of attending to any sentiment, in a mind which has been so long the slave of superstition and error. Can I yet think myself duly informed? I am fearful of trusting myself, and shall ill repay you and the Chevalier Temple for your favours, if I make them subservient to my unhappiness."

When I ceased speaking, my face was covered with blushes, which I endeavoured to conceal. Sir William imputed my confusion to the true cause, and took that opportunity of making an ample and direct avowal of his passion.—I seemed to have obtained in one moment a
degree

degree of susceptibility for pleasure which till then I had never possessed. Assured of his tender affection, I wished not to conceal my own.

"Spare me, dear Chevalier, (cried I) on this important subject.—I am perhaps *too* sensible of your merit: let me not lose your esteem by too candid a confession. Suffer me to consult my dear Madame Temple before I transgress, either from ignorance or weakness.—But alas! her advice can never recal my lost heart."

—"Your heart is too good, amiable Isabella, to err, (returned he) but in compliance with your request, I am content to be determined by your friend, who is too amiable to thwart our happiness."

I ac-

I accordingly consulted her. Her generous soul exulted in my good fortune, and she looked forward with pleasure to the union of two people, whom she honoured with her friendship, and whose welfare was dear to her own heart.

The time was at length fixed, when I must resign the society of my amiable friends, to purchase the only blessing which could be any equivalent for its loss. Sir William was acquainted with the English ambassador, then at Paris, and his chaplain was appointed to unite us, previous to our leaving France.

My stay there now became irksome,

some, notwithstanding the train of happy incidents which had befallen me during my residence at the wood: but I could not divest myself of the apprehension of being discovered by my father. My natural gaiety vanished, as the intricacy of my situation opened upon me. It was death to me to be separated from my dear Madame Temple, especially as I discovered she was in a condition which called for every tender assistance from a friend of her own sex:—an assistance, which, could I have remained with her, my habit and character there would prevent me from lending.

I took an opportunity one day, when we were alone, of urging her to
 accompany

accompany me to England. I represented the disagreeable predicament in which I should appear in a strange country, without knowing, or being known to a single individual in it. And though Sir William would then be more than all the world to me, I never could forget to be anxious for her; nor lose, in my own concerns, a consciousness of the service I might have rendered to her. "Alas! my dear Isabella, (replied she) your imagination paints evils which you will never experience. Sir William Granger is independent, and has an undoubted right to choose for himself: consequently, his friends will receive with open arms, the daughter of the Count de Valais in his wife, and will
 treat

treat you with that politeness and affection which is due to a stranger and a relation. As for me, I am bound by duty and inclination, to continue here, and shall never more, perhaps, behold my native shore. That national partiality, which every *woman* at least must feel, vanishes at the idea, how inhospitable it would prove to the man who is infinitely dearer to me than life."

"My God, (cried I) what strange fatality has banished you from your native land? And what a destiny is mine, that I cannot remain with you in France! Ah, Madame Temple, can Isabella de Valais abandon you?"

The

The tender scene was interrupted by Sir William, who had received letters from England, which acquainted him, that his immediate presence was required there, on affairs of importance. And the week following we left them, with the tenderest assurances of a lasting friendship, and a promise of revisiting the wood the spring following.

The clergyman met us by appointment at St. Omer's, as we were desirous of avoiding Paris, and the ceremony was accordingly performed there; and we proceeded immediately to Calais, and set sail for England with the first fair wind, where we arrived safe in a few hours afterwards.

I wrote

I wrote to the wood an account of my safety, and the favourable reception I had met with from Sir William's family; and reminded my amiable benefactress of the promise she made me at parting, of sending in writing, the particulars of her story, which I had long been desirous to know. I shall give it you in her own words, and permit me, dear Antonia, once more to caution you about the influence this affecting relation may have upon your mind.—You inherit your mother's sensibility; endeavour to attain her fortitude; and peruse the following lines with that spirit of resignation in which they were written.

“ My

“ My father is a nobleman of the first rank in England. The gay part of his life was spent in a manner which did no honour to his rank or education. And, after a few years passed in the round of fashionable folly, he retired to a country seat, in a part of England very remote from the capital; where he had not resided long, before he received orders from his father, to pay his addresses to the daughter of a baronet, whose estate lay contiguous to that on which he resided.

“ My father waited on the lady. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing: and my father being unprejudiced in favour of any other,

other, had no objection to the proposed match, without entertaining a more tender sentiment for her, than that approbation and esteem, which rose spontaneous in the minds of all who knew her.—She regarded him with equal indifference, and, prompted by her delicacy, would gladly have refused him: but her father was peremptory, and she was compelled to make the sacrifice.

I was born the year after their marriage, and sure never little wretch was more unwelcome than I was to my father and his family, who all seemed disgusted with their acquisition, and were impatient for an heir, as the estate was entailed upon the male

male line, and, in case my father had no son, devolved upon a distant branch of the family.

My mother was the only person by whom I was caressed; and her uneasiness, in consequence of my father's indifference, or rather dislike to me, joined to his neglect of herself, preyed upon her health and spirit, so much, that her constitution seemed to decline from the time I was born. I was almost her only companion; and being constantly witness to her dejection, and knowing the cause of it, I acquired an early habit of thinking, and dreaded being myself made a sacrifice to the convenience, or ambition of my father.

The

The apprehension no sooner occurred, but it was communicated to my mother, who conjured me, never to marry any man, for whom I had not the most tender regard. I was awed (said she) by a father's frown, and the fear of incurring his displeasure, perhaps his curse, by refusing to comply with his commands:—but had I my part in life to act over again, I would pursue a different plan. Would that being, whose darling attribute is mercy, and who cannot be unjust, would he aid the displeasure of an avaricious or ambitious father against an innocent child? no! he would behold her with infinite complacency and tenderness, compared to one, who, to gratify

those schemes, or to *evade* that displeasure, would sport with the most sacred oaths, and, in his more immediate presence, pledge that heart which she could not bestow.—My dear child, let me entreat you to prefer wretchedness of every kind, to that which results from an union, in which the heart has no share.”

These injunctions were frequently repeated during her life, which with difficulty was prolonged till I entered my seventeenth year. I became acquainted with Mr. Temple before I entered my teens, and we entertained a reciprocal regard for each other, to which every year added new force.—Our mothers perceived it with pleasure,

sure, but our fathers had other designs for us.

In about a year after the death of my mother, I was commanded by my father to receive, as my future husband, a nobleman whom I had frequently seen with him.—Never till then did I know how much, nor how unalterably I loved Mr. Temple.—I resolved never to give my hand to any other person : and accordingly told my father, that Lord Newland was a man I never could love ; and begged his permission to remain single, rather than give my hand, where I never could bestow my heart.

I tremble even now when I recol-

left in what manner this declaration was received by him. He was perfectly astonished at my reply, as he never had seen any thing in me but the most implicit submission to his will: and left the room with the most solemn protestations that he would abjure me for ever, if I did not in three months become Lady Newland.

I communicated my distress to Mr. Temple and his mother, the next time I visited them. She was the most intimate friend my mother ever had; and did not fail to support me in my resolution.—I was attended home by Mr. Temple, who then, for the first time, declared his passion for

for me; and assured me, that his happiness entirely depended on my steady perseverance in rejecting Lord Newland; and that if he had my own consent to love me, he would lose his life rather than resign me to him. I scrupled not to assure him that my sentiments were congenial; and we concluded that, as he was the only son of an Earl, and in no respect inferior to Lord Newland, my father would not object to an alliance with him.

With these pleasing hopes we bid each other adieu: but they all fled when I received the following billet from him the next day.

"My father, in conjunction with yours, seems determined to destroy me. He has laid his commands upon me to marry Lady Elisabeth, daughter of the Duke of -----, who is prepared by her father to receive me as a lover.—I will die a thousand deaths rather than submit to any thing which can preclude me from the right of one day calling you mine. As our situations are familiar, let us incite each other to a mutual constancy, which, I flatter myself, will in the end be crowned with lasting happiness."

TEMPLE."

To

To which I returned the following answer :

“ Ah, my Lord ! need Antonia tell you, that her heart can never resign your affection ? My honour must ever withhold my hand from Lord Newland, and my love reserve it for you.”

ANTONIA.”

I continued unmoved, either by my father's threats or promises, or the attentions and assiduities of Lord Newland. I shall not trouble you with the particulars of a year and half ; during which I experienced the most

rigorous treatment from my father; the day being frequently appointed by him for my marriage, and the most tremendous imprecations called down upon me, on my repeated refusal. Had Lord Newland been a man of any generosity, I would have confessed my pre-engagement to him, in hopes of prevailing on him to decline the alliance. But his principles were too dissolute, and his soul too mean, to afford me any hopes of his concurring with such a request; which determined me never to make it.

At length, despairing of any other alternative, I consented to be privately married to Mr. Temple, and
to

to go off with him to the continent.—Accordingly, with his mother's approbation and assistance, he provided the suit you wore at the Wood, and we took an opportunity, when both our fathers were absent, of being united; his mother only being present at the ceremony, which was performed in her dressing room by the family chaplain.

We set out immediately after it, and travelled all night with the utmost expedition; and the next day stopped at a country seat of Sir William Granger's, who received us with every demonstration of the warmest friendship.—Here we staid all night, and the next day arrived

at Dover.—We were prevented setting sail immediately by adverse winds;—the morning flattered us with the hopes of a change in our favour, and about noon we received notice that the vessel would sail in a couple of hours. There was a great number of people in the house, who, as well as ourselves, had impatiently waited for the summons. The noise and hurry of packing up, now succeeded the clamours of impatience, and an universal confusion reigned through the house.—In order to avoid it, Mr. Temple and myself retired to walk in an adjoining garden, till we were called to the vessel.

Guess

Guess my astonishment on turning into a shady walk, to see Lord Newland within a few paces of us! I did not know him for some moments, he being in a strange disfigurement, and quite disfigured with dust.—Before I had power to speak or scream, he drew his sword, and called upon Mr. Temple to defend himself.—demanding at the same time what he had done with Lady Antonia, and bid him answer with his blood.—Mr. Temple made no reply but with his sword.—Lord Newland's rage made him regardless of my cries; he made several passes at Mr. Temple; when overpowered with horror and affright, I sunk breathless to the ground.

When I recovered I found myself supported by my amiable Temple, of whose existence I could scarcely be convinced, as I fancied I had seen him mortally wounded by the inhuman Newland—He assured me of his safety, and begged me to compose myself, for that much depended on our immediate embarkation.

The master of the house then came to inform us that the vessel was ready; and in the same breath asked us, if we had perceived a strange looking gentleman; for that one had lately arrived in pursuit of a fugitive couple, and had appeared half frantic on being told that nobody was

was in the house who answered his description.

Mr. Temple replied that he had seen the gentleman, who had rudely assaulted him, and had left him no alternative but to fight; as he had not even allowed him time to speak; that he should sooner have called some assistance to him, but that the young gentleman (looking at me) had fainted, from the alarm and terror he was in, at seeing them engaged.

My appearance was that of a boy, and our kind host expressed much compassion for my youth and extreme agitation; and after promising to take care of the wounded gentleman, advised

vised us to lose no time in getting to the vessel, which would presently be under sail, and save us any farther trouble about this hot-headed gentleman.—I saw several of Lord Newland's servants as I passed through the house; and when I was put on board, was half dead with the extreme agitation I had suffered.

In a few hours afterwards we landed at Calais, and from thence proceeded to Paris, where we procured private lodgings at the house of Monsieur du Pouvy, a merchant there, who had been Sir William Granger's banker, and to whom he had recommended us.—His wife was a woman of good understanding, and great humanity; and

and her conversation agreeably enough beguiled those hours, in which Mr. Temple was obliged to be absent from me.

In the mean time Mr. Temple wrote to Sir William the particulars of his re-encounter; and after some time had elapsed, received an answer, informing him of the death of Lord Newland, who survived the combat but a few hours; and that his gentleman had deposed, that, on his asking his Lordship who had murdered him, he pronounced the name of Temple, which were all the words he had uttered:—that his family were highly exasperated, and determined if possible to sacrifice Mr. Temple to their resentment:

sentment:—that as they were a very powerful family, he (Sir William) had thought it necessary to preclude their farther inquiries, by deceiving them with the report, that we were both dead of a malignant fever at Paris; which had been so plausibly corroborated, as to gain intire credit.

With this letter was transmitted to Monsieur du Pouvy, for our use, a pretty considerable sum, which Mr. Temple's mother had intrusted to Sir William's care for us.—Mr. Temple had by this time procured the pretty cottage in the wood, where we have ever since resided.—With Madame du Pouvy I left my jewels, as the little fortune which was secured to us in the hands

hands of her husband, rendered the sale of them unnecessary.

Mr. Temple's parents are both dead.—In all probability I shall spend many ensuing years, an exile from my native country, without any solace but the love of my amiable Mr. Temple (for so I always call him; as we have laid aside our titles, and are sufficiently distinguished by each other without them) --- The trappings of wealth and the parade of grandeur have no charms for us, who live only to ourselves and to each other. --- Adieu, my dear Isabella! I am in daily expectation of that hour, which will give us the dear pledge of our love,

love.---May happiness ever attend you
and your amiable husband, prays

Your affectionate

ANTONIA TEMPLE."

We had soon after the pleasure of
hearing from your father of your
birth, and the happy re-establishment
of your mother's health.---My own
situation, and the birth of my Emilia,
prevented our going into France so
early in the spring as we had pro-
posed. The time however was at
length fixed for our visit to the Wood;
but on the very eve of our departure,
my dear Sir William was taken ill of
a fever, which in fourteen days put a
period to his life, and my happiness.

A few

A few weeks after his death, I was informed that a lady was arrived at my house with a young child, and requested to speak to me. I was too much absorbed in grief to receive any visits; and therefore desired the stranger would send up her name. My woman brought me word that it was Du Pouvy, and delivered the following letter to me, which she had brought from your mother.

“ I am but even now started from a scene of heart-rending horror! My husband, my amiable Temple, is torn by ruffians from the asylum of my arms!---What shall I say, Isabella! My reason totters---I am sever'd from myself!--- My child!--- receive her
with

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with the wreck of my shatter'd fortune. My jewels!--oh God! can I think of jewels!--Protect my Antonia, my Temple's Antonia!--Do I live to say I have lost him? Ah no! I fly to seek him in the gloom of a prison.--Oh, Isabella! dare your horrid countrymen profane his sacred person with a fetter? This night his faithful Antonia will clasp him to her fond bosom;---The Governor with pious fraud admits me---His presence shall banish the horrors of overwhelming wretchedness.--Adieu. Foster in your bosom my hapless child--Oh my child! Adieu."

Madame du Pouvy was immediately shewn up to me, and from her
I learn-

I learned that your father had been seized by an order of the court, and carried to the Bastile:---that his lady, half distracted, had followed him to Paris, and had brought the infant to her house:---that her agonies for some time rendered her incapable of telling the cause of them; but at length, when she was able to inform Monsieur du Pouvy of the manner in which the officers entered the house, and made the Chevalier their prisoner, they concluded he must be sent to the Bastile:---that Monsieur du Pouvy's brother was the governor of it; and from that circumstance they had flattered the distressed lady with the hopes of seeing her husband by his means:---that they had accordingly obtained

obtained the promise of an interview between them in the space of a few days; which was the more practicable, as the Governor had received strict orders to confine him in a cell by himself, as he was an heretic, and might attempt to seduce others from the catholic faith.

This part of her narrative left me no room to doubt that my father had, by some means, unfortunately discovered the share yours had in my escape from France; as I knew him to be extremely bigotted, and that his influence at court was very great. Madame du Pouvy added, that the house at the Wood had been ransacked, and stripped of all the furniture.

That

That at Madame Temple's earnest request, she had undertaken to convey the child to England, and herself deliver it to my care; and with it the jewels which had been left in her possession.

I was charmed with this good woman's humanity and fidelity, and received you from her hands, as a precious and mournful pledge of the faith which your parents reposed in me. I wrote to your mother by Madame du Pouvy; and solemnly promised, by every thing dear and valuable to me, to take care of you, and to treat you in every respect as my own child.

My concern for her misfortunes
and

and those of her amiable husband, together with my attention to you, alleviated my sorrow for the death of Sir William: and ever since I have found my highest gratification in promoting your felicity, and in striving, by every act of my life, to atone to you for that part of your parent's misfortunes which was occasioned by their connection with me.

Some time after I wrote to Madame du Pouvy, to beg she would inform me of the fate of my friends—(the Chevalier and his lady). I forbore to mention their names, or any particular relative to them, lest the letter should fall into improper hands.—I received an answer, which informed me briefly
that

that the Chevalier and his lady were both dead—and required my silence on the particulars. I was acquainted with, concerning them—as those, who had been their friends at Paris, might otherwise be involved in the misfortunes which had attended them.

I will now, my dear child, appeal to yourself for the propriety of refusing the frequent requests you have made for the particulars before you. I know you make too just an estimate of the intrinsic blessings of life, to regret those honours which ought to have been yours. But will your fortitude enable you to repel the shafts of sorrow and the inroads of filial grief?

I shall make no apology for the many defects you will perceive in these sheets. Writing is now become very disagreeable to me. It is now near two months since I begun them, and I am glad the task is over. Need I tell you, my dear, that as soon as Miss Armitage can part with you I shall be happy to embrace you here? Though I fear your stay with me will be a very short one, as Lady Spencer entreats me every post to use my interest with you to go up to town.—The country is now very dreary, and London may have some charms for you: though I know there is nothing will be so powerful an inducement to you, as the desire of your suffering friends, amongst

amongst whom you must ere long
rank my Emilia.

Sophia Mortimer does all she can
to supply your place.---Her residence
is now determined to be here. Lady
Bell Cleland could not refuse Mr.
Drummond's request on that subject.
He has provided liberally for her, and
I have no doubt but she will be very
happy.---She begs her affectionate re-
spects may be presented to you, and
joins me in wishing for your company.
I am, my dear Antonia, ever your
most affectionate friend and parent,

ISABELLA GRANGER.

LETTER II.

To Miss Temple.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

LET me entreat you, my ever kind
 and dear Antonia, to oblige me
 with your company in town as
 soon as possible. I want your conso-
 lation and advice. I am strangely
 apprehensive on the approaching oc-
 casion.—The tender affiduities of my
 amiable Sir Charles cannot dispel my
 fears. I am miserable when I reflect
 how

how little I deserve his kindness. When he approaches me, I seem to shrink from a blessing of which I feel myself unworthy. He is so every way superior to all the rest of his sex, that I cannot persuade myself I was designed for him. Oh, my dear Antonia! is it possible for me to fill such a heart as Sir Charles's? Forgive my caprice; he is all love and amiable tenderness; ever attentive, he prevents my very wishes—and yet—I am not happy. Come I beseech you, and, by the benefit of your example, let me become more worthy of my distinguished lot. Accept my thanks for your kind and elegant epistle*

* This Letter does not appear.

Sir Charles complains that you do not suffer him to participate with me in the pleasure of your correspondence. I am impatient to hear that you will comply with our united requests, and oblige, with your presence,

Your ever affectionate

EMILIA SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER III.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

THIS amiable lovely woman is arrived. In spite of myself my heart bows before her.—Yet how can I blame myself for adoring what is so truly divine? My fault has so much the resemblance of virtue, that I cannot correct it. I am, in truth, a riddle to myself. I feel no compunction in giving my Emilia every proof

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of tenderness that can possibly be lavished upon a woman: but my motives for it are not so involuntary as that tribute which I cannot withhold from Antonia: nor did I ever feel such tumultuous emotions on the approach of my wife, as I experienced, when I welcomed Antonia to town with a salute. Oh Heavens! my soul was not formed for a mediocrity of happiness.—Nothing but the sweet dignity and subduing virtue of an Antonia Temple could have awed my demonstrations of pleasure at the sight of her into proper restrictions. When she arrived I was in Lady Spencer's dressing room, who complained of indisposition. "Oh, Sir Charles, (said she) I never shall be better till my
my

my Antonia comes. I have wrote again for her. Promise me that you will write yourself if she does not come to morrow."—"I will, my love, (said I) but shall I not invite a rival in your affections? What consolation can she give you, that cannot be administered by your husband, my dear Emilia?"—"Oh, Sir Charles! (returned the dear girl) you must ever reign unrivalled here!—would to heaven I could merit an equal return."—"Fie, my Emilia, what ill-timed humility!"—and I pressed her to my heart, and seating her by me on the sofa, laid her dear "delicate face on my bosom, where she presently fell asleep.

Soon after, my sister and Lady Bell Cleland entered the room without any previous notice. I lifted up my hand to enjoin them silence, "Oh, Spencer! (said her ladyship approaching on tip-toe) what has that happy woman done to merit this excessive attention? what sacrifice has *she* made? what sacrifice have *I not* made? your indifference maddens me---compare us, Spencer---oppose me to your passive charmer---she is unconscious of your endearments.---Oh, Sir Charles! there is something here which tells me, *I never could sleep in that situation.*"

I smiled. "Very well acted upon my word, Lady Bell, but for God's
 sake

fake don't disturb my dear girl, for she is quite exhausted."—She flung herself across the room to Juliet, who soon after withdrew. Lady Bell renewed the conversation. "Do you think the worse of me, Sir Charles, for this free avowal?—you cannot be so narrow-minded.—The woman is unworthy of you that would not act as I do."

"Before true passion all those views still remove,
 "Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?"

"You will wake my wife, upon
 "my soul, Lady Bell."—"Inferrible
 "wretch! (said she) Oh God! here

"comes Juliet." The door opened, and in came—not Juliet but Antonia! I forgot my sleeping wife—I forgot that Lady Bell was present—in that moment I forgot every thing, and sprung forward to meet her. Oh! with what mingled dignity and sweetness did she offer her angelic cheek—I could have dwelt upon it for ever. A charming glow suffused her lovely face. I even fancied her voice faltered, when she enquired after my health. Perhaps that little embarrassment was occasioned by my apparent perturbation.

I thought no more of my Emilia till this divine creature went to her, and with a look of heavenly tenderness

ness, raised up her head, which on my leaving her had sunk on the arm of the sofa.---She paid a slight compliment to Lady Bell, who darted at me a most significant glance. I felt the force of it; and cursed my own folly for the unguarded part I had acted.

My wife seems much happier since Miss Temple's arrival. Would to heaven her presence would have that effect upon me.---You know her, Drummond; I need not plead her charms as an excuse for the deviations of my heart.---Those of her person are the least she possesses.---That infinite expression---that soul which animates her whole frame---how irresistibly

sistibly attractive! How inviting,
yet how awful are her charms!

But whither do I wander?---Graci-
ous Heaven! let me not err even in
thought. Suffer me still to tell you
all my weakness; to acquaint you
with all my faults.---The repetition,
in a sober moment, may help to cor-
rect them, and leave me not unworthy
the title of your

affectionate friend,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER IV.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

WHAT can I say to my dear Caroline? how acquaint her with the movements of a heart that is a stranger to itself?—I am bewildered in this great world—I look around me in vain for satisfaction. — Oh, that I could retire within myself, and find it there! Vain is the wish.

—Never

---Never more shall I taste the balm of peace, till I "rest my head upon the lap of earth"---a plain proof that I am culpable---"for peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own"--- I shall tire you with my complaints. How kindly, my dearest girl, did you sooth me during my residence with you! Fain would I make a better return than still to murmur: but my refractory heart refuses the conditions I strive to impose, and strays wide, far wide from the paths of peace.

My fears make me unhappy --- I am apprehensive of transgressing the laws of virtue --- my heart seems ready to smite itself, even without a cause. Why should I be upon the
reserve

reserve with Sir Charles?—When I examine the inmost recesses of my soul, I cannot discover a sentiment that ought to give me pain. I have the painful propensity of refining virtue into anguish. My friendship for Sir Charles Spencer does honour to my own heart.---No longer shall the sacred flame be ungenerously smothered, but stand disclosed in its native purity and brightness. Can I be so narrow as to deem culpable an exalted friendship for a man, because he is married? is the love of souls subject to these restrictions? The idea of concealment has increased my anxiety. Why, with a coldness reproachful to my own heart, do I always meet the man,

to

to whom all others offer the spontaneous testimony of esteem and friendship? I will add my little floweret to the wreath, which must blush to have been so long with-held---Adieu, dear Caroline!—pray for

Your affectionate

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET

LETTER V.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

GREEN WOOD.

I CANNOT describe the mood in which your letter found me; and must pay myself a bad compliment, when I assure you that a view of your distresses restored me to good humour.---I had just received a letter from my uncle (Sir Oliver) to inform me, that his lady had, for some time, been

been in a very indifferent state of health; and by the advice of her physicians, was very soon to set out for the south of France; whither she desires I will accompany her. Now would I be sworn this convenient indisposition is only a manœuvre of her wise ladyship's to take me out of the way of Lord Robert Willmot; who, with my permission, waited upon Sir Oliver to request his sanction to visit me as a lover---a sanction which he however did not chuse to give. My first impulse pleaded strongly for an absolute refusal of their request; and to assure her ladyship that I could, on no account, be prevailed upon to leave old England; and in short, at all events,
that

that I could not support the idea of a voyage.—But my uncle and aunt Belmont have represented the impropriety of such a conduct, and have at length persuaded me to go.—Good God!—but, hang it, if the man is worth my notice, absence will not lessen his regard for me. And perhaps to go at this juncture will show a firmness, that may raise me in his opinion.

I was revolving these things in my mind, and had just concluded myself to be the most unfortunate girl in the universe, when I received your letter.—I then regarded my ills as of no weight in the scale, opposed to yours. Oh, my dear Antonia! if
virtue

virtue be the care of Heaven, how long must I behold you the prey of corroding anxiety? Happiness in this world is, I believe, a compound of grosser materials than any you are formed of.---You are too refined.---The heavy tax that is levied upon superior excellence, is an alleviating circumstance to those whom nature has not so particularly distinguished.

Adieu. I cannot bid you write; we are to set out very soon. I must meet my aunt in town, and from thence proceed directly to Dover. I shall be most abundantly mortified when I see you, as I shall not have time to say five of the five hundred things

things I want to impart to you—for I fear my poor aunt's indisposition will scarcely prevent her from riding post. Sir Oliver and his son are to attend us. Lord deliver me from such a stupid trio---I shall die of the vapors before I get to Montpelier---God bless you. Once more adieu. I always forget myself when I am angry, but at all times am

Your affectionate,

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

LET-

LETTER VI.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

DEAR Caroline, accept my warmest wishes for a happy and prosperous voyage.---My heart is too full to express its anxiety for you, its anguish at parting with you, or its sollicitude to have accompanied you to Dover. This little scrawl will meet you there: receive it as you would

would the writer. The pleasure you will reap from it will be more unmix-
ed than from a personal interview: for
my tears have left no traces of what I
was yesterday. I am fatigued and ill.

Lady Spencer is not worse than
when you saw her, but she is no better.
I start every time her bell rings; and
find myself so violently agitated, that
I fear to attend her when the dreaded
hour arrives, of which we are in daily
expectation. She prays me not to
leave her; throws her arms round my
neck, and entreats me to love and
pity her; and, she often adds, forgive
her. When I ask for what? she an-
swers only with her tears. A sweet

insinuating girl she always was, but now more particularly so.

Adieu, dearest Carolina! Would to Heaven I could "scatter blessings as the morn sheds dews," and your journey should be productive of the happiest incidents. If you alter your rout pray inform me of it, that I may know where to send my letters; for I am resolved the sea shall not divide us.

I am ever yours,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER VII.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

OH, Drummond! my wife, my lovely gentle Emilia is indisposed. I am pained beyond expression, to see my sweet suffering girl droop like a dying lily. She has been very indifferent for this week past, and the angelic Antonia has attended her with unceasing assiduity; but her frame is too delicate, and her sensibility too

exquisite for her to support such affecting circumstances. The roses have already deserted her cheeks, except when some new alarm makes her pure blood mount up thither in an overwhelming tide. Oh, Heavens! how susceptible is her elegant composition! Those meaner springs which arise from, and center in, self, have no weight with her—but she is entirely absorbed in anxiety for those she loves, when any apprehension for them assaults her tender and generous soul.

The other evening, when she rose to wish Emilia good-night, she was detained by her in a pathetic embrace—“do not leave me, dear Antonia, I dare not part with you,” said my dear
timid

timid girl. "Not for the world, if you wish me to stay with you, my dear Lady Spencer," (replied Antonia). "Why then so distant? for Heaven's sake call me Emilia as you used to do."---Dear fretful girl! she hardly knows what she would have.

Miss Temple accordingly slept in Emilia's dressing room, with the door of it open into ours. Poor Emilia was a long time restless and uneasy, frequently taking hold of my hand for fear I should sleep, and then called out "dear Antonia do not sleep yet, I fear I am very ill." Antonia as often re-assured her of her wakefulness and attention. At last, wearied out

with incessant tossings, my poor girl fell asleep about three o'clock in the morning.

I was too much alarmed to compose myself, being fearful her strength and spirits would be exhausted, at a time when their utmost exertion would be required.—She was feverish and started continually—About five she awoke in an agony, whether of mind or body I cannot determine; but she screamed, and then sunk on her pillow, exclaiming “Oh, Heavens! must I die?”—Miss Temple rushed out of bed and came to her. Emilia threw her arms round her neck, and besought her forgiveness for alarming her,

her, and said she found herself much better.

Antonia's extreme agitation subsiding, she burst into tears, and hastily retired, to give vent to the most heart-piercing sobs and sighs.—When Emilia screamed, she entered the room with only a loose gown over one shoulder, and a pillow in her hand. The delicacy of her situation threw me into a painful predicament, and prevented me from administering any consolation to either of them.—God knows how my Emilia would have supported herself, if Antonia had not been here; for on her she seems to place her entire dependence.

Adieu, dear Drummond—I am
on the rack of suspense—and re-
main

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER,

LET-

LETTER VIII.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I AM too ill to write—I am harassed to death. My own apprehensions are so great, and Lady Spencer's situation so critical, that I have not enjoyed a moment's ease since I saw you.—When shall I enjoy a moment's ease? never, till this unruly heart shall cease to beat, and these con-

flitting passions be quenched by the cold hand of death.

Sir Charles's behaviour does honour to his excellent heart. How kindly attentive is he to every word and look of his suffering Emilia?—Good God! I wonder how those women support themselves under these agonizing circumstances, whose husbands shun the bed of anguish to pursue pleasure, and content themselves with sending a formal enquiry once a day, after their health.

I have not been in bed these three nights.—I was so much alarmed one night, that I ran to Lady Spencer's bed-side without dressing myself—

She

She screamed out, and I thought her dying.—How delicate was Sir Charles! while I was ready to expire with terror and confusion. Since that time I have never had any sleep, but what I have got on a couch.

Emilia calls for me continually, and implores my forgiveness for the trouble she gives me—tells me she cannot live unless I forgive her every thing—and adds, “Ah my dear girl! you are happier than I, because you sought *my* happiness before *your own*—I was selfish—I urged my good fortune, and it is insufficient to console me, for I have interrupted the course of Providence.”

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Adieu. I am called again, and the
post is going out.

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET

LETTER IX.

TO LADY GRANGER.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I AM at length so happy as to inform your ladyship that my Emilia is, I hope, entirely out of danger, and has presented me with a fine girl. Pardon me if I express not all I feel for your ladyship. I was truly concerned to hear of the return of your disorder, and have thought of you

you as much as my dear girl's situation would permit.

I received Miss Mortimer's* letter yesterday.—She does not mention all the symptoms you used to be troubled with—if they return I would advise you by all means to visit France; as I know of no expedient in your case, so good as your native air—My wife begs her duty may be presented to you, and bids me say, that she hopes, before long, to be able, in person to present the little stranger to you.

You must not think of recalling

* This Letter does not appear.

Miss

MISS TEMPLE. 111

Miss Temple. The loss of her would affect my Emilia too much; as she repeatedly tells her, she cannot bear to part with her, and is too weak to be informed of your want of her.

Adieu, dearest Madam, believe me to be

With respect and affection,

Your dutiful Son,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER X.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

NO sooner am I relieved from one embarrassment than I am involved in another. Lady Spencer is safely delivered of a daughter; and before I had time to regain any tolerable degree of composure, I received the news of Lady Granger's being taken ill. Sir Charles has ordered her into France, and Lady Spencer's situation precludes

precludes all thoughts of my accompanying her.

Lady Mary Willmot has been but once in town since I came. She is still with her grandmother, who continues very ill. I am the sport of every adverse wind—I am sick of this fluctuating state—Would to Heaven I could descend into the silent grave!—What business have I in a world that has nothing but bitterness in store for me?

What have I said?—I cannot read it—-I am consumed with a slow fever that continually hangs about me—my head turns round, and my heart palpitates.—Lady Spencer sends for me every moment. How can I impart pleasure

pleasure to *her* who am a stranger to it *myself*?

“What are you doing, my dear Antonia? (cries she) I cannot bear you to be absent---why will you leave me?”---“Dear Emilia; I was beginning to write to Miss Armistage, and if I miss this post she will have left St. Omer’s where I am to address my letter.” “Dear girl, replied her ladyship) you are infinitely kind, I have no right to half the time you spend with me---but I was desirous of your company *now*, because you must leave me for an hour or two by my own request---for I fear your confinement has already hurt your health; and, if agreeable to yourself,

Sir

Sir Charles will take an airing with you before dinner, and has ordered the chariot at twelve o'clock." "I am obliged to Sir Charles and your ladyship, (said I) but indeed I am not well enough to go out---My head aches---I am hot, and more fit to be in bed than to take an airing. I will be obliged to Sir Charles to accompany me when I am better; perhaps you will then be of the party."

"Good God! (cried she) you will sure be well before that time---what shall I have to answer for, if you are ill? how kindly, how unremittingly have you attended me? My dear Antonia, you are too good---you will sacrifice yourself to me---But why do you not complain

plain to Sir Charles, my love? I am sure he could prescribe something that would be of service to you." I said I was in hopes my indisposition would soon go off, and promised to speak to Sir Charles if it did not. She said I might return to finish my letter, and then begged I would write a note for her to Sir Charles.

Adieu, my dear girl; let me hear from you the first half hour you have to spare—in the mean time pray for

your affectionate,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER XI.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

A CCEPT my thanks for your intended favour—excuse my declining it—I have countermanded your orders about the chariot—I am not well enough to go out to day. It is therefore unnecessary to return at twelve on my account.

Lady Spencer insists on my consulting you about my indisposition—It is too trivial to give her or you a moment's

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ment's pain; and if your advice must
be purchased with one uneasy thought
I had rather forego it. Believe me
ever to be, with affection and grati-
tude,

Your obliged friend,

ANTONIA.

LET-

LETTER XII.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

OH, Heavens! I shall lose them both. My wife is worse, and Antonia ill of a fever.---I told you in my last that I observed her health to decline. I went the other day into Emilia's chamber, who was lamenting her absence, "Yet (added she) why should I wish her to stay here so much? Why, my dear Sir Charles, don't

don't you prescribe for her? don't you see how ill she is? will you take an airing with her before dinner?" "I will, my love, (said I)---I will order the chariot at twelve, and return to attend her." Soon after I received a note from Antonia to inform me that she was too ill to go out—it was delicate, melancholy and polite—it was like herself.

I returned to Emilia's room, and found Antonia there, and extremely ill indeed she was---so feverish and tremulous, that she could scarcely support herself. I prevailed upon her to go to bed; which she did in the dressing room, as Emilia would not consent to her being at a greater distance.

I went

I went to bed about twelve o'clock, and at two, Emilia's woman came to tell me, that she cou'd not be kept in bed, but insisted on being carried to Miss Temple, who was become quite delirious. I rose immediately, and on entering my wife's room, found her sat up in bed "Oh, Sir Charles! (said she) Antonia is quite delirious; pray let me go to see her."

"For Heaven's sake, my dear girl, (said I) be still: you would endanger your own life without being of any service to her. Compose yourself, and I will visit Antonia." The dear creature pressed my hand to her lips, and entreated me to go to Antonia.

I found my sweet friend with every

symptom of an increasing fever.---
 I took her hand---my emotions were
 violent---I trembled---and could
 scarcely ask her how she found herself.
 ---“Very ill indeed” replied she,
 calmly---Emilia called out “Sir
 Charles, why don’t you tell me how
 she is? Pray let me get up.” Anto-
 nia started, and looked wildly about
 her. I strove to sooth her, but in
 vain.---She uttered many incoherent
 expressions; and raising her head
 upon her hand, appeared for some
 time lost in thought, and then said,
 “Oh, friendship!---Is my heart en-
 tire?---Alas! where am I? you are
 my friend (turning to me) pity me---
 where is Emilia?---Poor Emilia!”

How affecting was her voice and
 manner!

manner! how fine her attitude!
 Charming girl! for whom canst
 thou sigh that is insensible of thy
 various attractions?

Antonia's life is really in danger,
 and Lady Spencer is not so well as
 she was a week ago. Lady Granger
 is set out for France. My little Emi-
 lia is the only one that seems secure
 from the furrounding storm. Happy
 infant, what does thy father feel!
 too much to add more than that
 I am

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LETTER XIII.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

MONTPELIER.

YOUR last, my dearest Antonia, gave me infinite uneasiness; I am pained to the heart to increase that which you expressed. Lady Granger is just arrived here.---A few days it is thought will put a period to her life.---I am with her some hours every day. The poor little Sophia is very much distressed.

Lady

Lady Granger desires me to write to you, but begs her daughter may not be acquainted with her danger till she is sufficiently recovered to bear it. ---Arm yourself with all your fortitude, my dear girl, to bear up against this alarming shock; and let me hear from you immediately.---God knows when I shall see you;---I find my aunt's illness was no pretence.

Lord Robert has wrote again to my uncle, but he continues inexorable.---Happily for me, their son is more rational: he is really an agreeable young fellow; and, were he not my cousin, and I had never seen Lord Robert, I might possibly honour him with my hand.---But at present I

imagine he is as little inclined to solicit for it, as I am to bestow it: and I am much mistaken if his heart has not already yielded itself to the pretty Sophia Mortimer.

Adieu. Believe me to remain unalterably

your affectionate

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR letter was given to Miss Temple when she was scarcely capable of reading it, having been for some time confined to her bed by a fever. As soon as she knew the superscription to be yours, she insisted on reading it, though I endeavoured to dissuade her from it.---

G 4

When

When she had perused it, she fainted, and as soon as she was a little recovered, enjoined me the painful task of reading it over to her. I am excessively distressed at Lady Granger's situation, and would attend her immediately, if my concerns at home would permit of my absence.

Accept my thanks, dear and amiable lady, for your attention to her ladyship—the consciousness of serving so valuable a woman will be your reward. I shall be extremely obliged by your writing very soon: and still more so if you will address your letters to myself, as I fear our charming friend will not soon be in a condition to receive any, particularly those
of

of an interesting kind.---She continues very ill.

I am too much distressed to say any thing to alleviate your anxiety, and beg leave to subscribe myself with esteem and respect,

Your most humble servant,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LETTER XV.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

MONTPELIER.

I AM distracted at the situation of my angelic friend—Oh, Sir Charles! even *you* know not half her worth.—Dear exalted girl! too well I know what passes in her heart, to flatter myself with any hopes of her recovery. A secret anguish has long undermined her health, to which I fear she must now fall a sacrifice.—I can think of nothing else—I am wretched at the idea of losing her.

I have now no sollicitude for Lady
Granger

Granger—she died this morning, and Dr-----, who attended her from England, will convey her remains to you with all possible caution.

I have taken Miss Mortimer under my care, till she has your orders, or Mr. Drummond's, to leave me. She is an amiable girl, and in great distress. Pray write by the next packet, and inform me about my dear Antonia.

Accept my sincere wishes for the recovery of your amiable lady, and believe me to remain

your obliged

humble servant,

CAROLINE ARMITAGE

G 6

LET-

LETTER XVI.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I AM sorry, my dear Miss Armitage, that a correspondence, from which I hoped so much pleasure, should commence on so melancholy an occasion as the present.—Sir Charles is unable to write himself, and begs me to inform you that the violence of Miss Temple's fever is abated, but that she is still in great danger from her excessive weakness, and the remains

mains of some of her complaints which still hang about her.---Lady Spencer is worse than when he wrote last—she has an intermitting feverish complaint, which I greatly fear she cannot get the better of.---Believe me Miss Armitage, my eyes ach with seeing the most deserving of my friends cut down by wasting sickness, while I, who cannot boast half *their* worth, am spared to be a spectator.

Adieu, dear Miss Armitage, I cannot add more than that I am

Yours affectionately,

MARY WILLMOT.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

"How oft a day that fair and mild
appears

"Grows dark with *fate*, and mars the
toil of years."

MY gayest prospects are over-
clouded; a gloomy mist in-
volves them, and a final darkness
closes the scene.---Oh, Drummond!
how am I become a prey to the most
poignant anguish!---But a little while
is

is elapsed since I smiled elate with
surrounding blessings---How do I
now regret them!--My amiable wife
and lovely friend are both I fear on
the point of yielding up their pure
spirits to him who gave them.---Ago-
nizing thought!--What in this
world can I find worth living for?
I am sick of life---would to Heaven
I could resign it.---Pardon me, Drum-
mond---why do you not pour the
balm of friendship into my wounds?
What can detain you so long in the
country? Hasten hither I beseech you
---I want every consolation you can
impart. I know not what I write---
my thoughts are all disjointed---If I
lay down my pen for a moment, my
situation rushes upon my view with
all

all its horrors. "I rue the riches of my former fate; sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament; I tremble at the blessings once so dear; and every pleasure pains me to the heart." I will endeavour, for a moment, to lose sight of the woes that encompass me, and soften the gloom of my soul; by a recital of the tenderest and most affecting scene I ever was witness to.

A few mornings ago Lady Spencer sent to ask Miss Temple if she was well enough to see her, for that she proposed being carried to her bed-side, to communicate something of importance to her---Antonia replied that she was much better, and begged she might be permitted to rise,

rise, and she would wait on her immediately.---To this my kind Emilia would not consent, and when Miss Temple found her resolute on the subject, she pleaded want of rest, and begged to defer the interview till evening.---The generous deceit succeeded---She was dressed immediately, and brought into my wife's apartment. I had entered the room but a moment before---my faculties were totally suspended by the object before me. She appeared fluttered and fatigued, and when she was set down, was unable to speak. "Gracious God! (exclaimed I) what madness is this?"---The servants pleaded Miss Temple's commands, and my Emilia, bursting into tears, took my hand, saying
 "for-

"forgive me dear Sir Charles, I wanted to speak to Antonia, and would have gone to her, but God knows I had no idea of all this."— Antonia seemed to revive, but I saw too well her spirits were brought by a return of the fever—Lady Spencer then ordered every one to quit the room but myself, and then addressed herself to Antonia nearly as follows.

"My dear Antonia, this last proof of your goodness is too painful—it almost unfits me to say what I intended—indulge me a little while—God knows if I shall live to quit this room—if you weep indeed I cannot proceed—I dread the thoughts of omitting any thing I proposed to say—

Sir

Sir Charles have I your leave to go on? (I bowed and she continued) I have ever admired your conduct, my dear Antonia, and felt your goodness --- I have endeavoured in vain to imitate you: I am desirous that my child may be a better, and a happier woman than I have been--- better fortune she *cannot* have.---I am united to the man of my heart--- (Here she wept) I will say no more on that subject---I have found the most exalted characters amongst my friends, willing to forego their own happiness to administer to mine--- perhaps I have been weak enough to accept the sacrifice---I can now be happy, if you will assure me that if I die you will take my little girl under
your

your own care—My dear Sir Charles, I do not distrust you, but there are a thousand virtues and refinements which she can learn from none but Antonia—forgive me, Antonia, for all the pain I have given you.”

“Hush, dear Emilia, (cried Antonia) this is more than I can bear.—Alas! you bid me succeed to your care—Sir Charles knows there is little probability of my surviving you.—You, I hope, will yet see many happy years, and grieve not that I leave a world which, young as I am, I have been long tired of.—I wish not to evade your charge; and I solemnly promise, if I do out-live you, that I will dedicate my future days to the service

service and happiness of your child.— I will not plead inability—but alas ! how can I teach others, when I have not been able to give law to my own heart !—this near approach to the grave shews me to myself without a varnish : many of my foibles have taken the appearance of virtues, and imposed even upon myself—but I appeal to Him who knows my heart, to justify it from every ill intention—I resign myself to his mercy without a murmur ; and I adore his goodness for shewing me, through the gates of death a prospect of everlasting life.”

We were all in tears---A pathetic silence ensued---which I at length interrupted, by desiring Miss Temple might be put to bed. She leaned
down

down to embrace my Emilia, and I have reason to think they saw each other for the last time. Since that time Emilia has been more composed, but she daily hastens to a dissolution. She is yet ignorant of her mother's death, nor dare I inform her of it. Antonia's fever is greatly increased, and she may date her relapse from that affecting interview. How magnanimously does she support herself under her sufferings! She sometimes falls into a slumber, and when she awakes often utters little incoherencies; but as soon as that wandering subsides, she seems all angel---too soon she will be so.---
Adieu;

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I AM compelled to the painful task of informing you that our dear Lady Spencer is no more. She died last night, and my situation is too distressing for me to support, unless I have some one to participate with me. Sir Charles has called in Dr. ----- to Miss Temple, but I greatly fear their united skill will be in vain. I must beg you to send Sophy Mortimer to Paris as soon as you receive this letter.

My

My brother will meet her at the Hotel de -----, and conduct her from thence to England. He bids me say, that if you will accompany her to Paris, he will acknowledge it as a particular mark of condescension.

I would endeavour to describe some scenes which I have lately been witness to, but the effect they have had on me has rendered me incapable of doing it. ---Lady Spencer left the world without any apparent regret; and Miss Temple seems to have lost every allay of mortality but that of sickness. I remain, dear Miss Armitage,

Most affectionately yours,

MARY WILMOT.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND ESQ.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

ACCCEPT my sincerest thanks, my dear Drummond, for your kind and sympathetic participation of my afflictions. Your presence only was wanting to sooth my woes---Your consoling arguments have calmed the tumult of my soul.---It is now subsided into a calm and settled melancholy. The only interruption of my anguish

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is

is in visiting the dear and amiable Antonia. Her soul seems entirely subdued, and every thought, and every wish, resigned. To this happy preparation for death she in a great measure owes her life.

The morning after my wife's death I went to her bed-side. I had not closed my eyes all the night—my countenance, my voice and manner plainly told the state of my soul. She held out her hand, "And so we have lost Emilia?—Grieve not for her, but yourself, Sir Charles. Alas, to what are you subject! the sport of every passing wind! the prey of adverse fate! I am hastening to a state free from vicissitudes. I rejoice

n the prospect---I repose in trembling hope---the conflict is over---I welcome death as a benevolent pilot, who will waft me to a happier shore. I look with regret on my past life: it has been what the world calls innocent, but I have been culpable *here*, (laying her hand on her heart). How I pity what I *was*! Oh, Sir Charles! how fondly, how knowingly did I foster a passion, which gnawed the very root of my peace! But God in his infinite mercy never gave me up to the indulgence of it. Had I resigned myself up to it, I had been spared the conflict---But oh, where then should I have been!---Resign yourself to God Almighty, my dear Sir Charles: he gives us passions for the exercise of our

virtue:--inglorious indeed would be its crown, if we could obtain it without a struggle---The path of virtue may be thorny, but pursued, it becomes covered with flowers. I am thankful that I am likely to have the solace of your friendship in my latest moments; and I am pleased if any thing I have now said, will aid you to rely on him, to whom I look up as the author and finisher of my salvation.

How I hung upon her accents! what divine energy breathed in every word she uttered! I was unable to answer---shall I own that sighs and even tears stopped my utterance?---She resumed the conversation---“I thank you for your attention to me---

perhaps

H

perhaps

perhaps I am as well pleased that it did not succeed.---I am happy---let that console my friends. I have now only *one* enemy to conquer---my affections are all subdued---there is nothing below that I regard so much as to affect my peace. I grieve not for Emilia; she is doubtless in those happy regions, into which I hope soon, *very* soon to enter.---By this time perhaps Lady Granger is disencumbered of mortality, and become one of the society of saints and angels. Happy state! blissful immortality!

"I told her that Lady Granger was dead, and that her remains, and those of her daughter were shortly to be interred together. I left her to her

repose ; and from that time she has recovered, though very slowly. She is much emaciated ; and her excessive weakness leaves me in doubt of her health ever being re-established. Lady Mary Willmot is still with her, and has promised to stay as long as Antonia's indisposition continues, provided she can be spared by her grandmother.

You have seen that amiable woman, divested of her natural vivacity, administering to every want of an aged parent. Her goodness has been equally distinguished here---lamenting in silence the death of one friend, and hanging with doubtful hope over the fate of another.---How tender !
how

how refined is that lovely sex in their friendships ? I have ever revered them.— This, and many other instances painful to myself, have increased that veneration. We every day expect the arrival of our kinswoman from France. I hope we shall be favoured with your company very soon.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LETTER XX.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I SEIZE the first moment I can call my own, to acquaint my dear Miss Armitage with my safe arrival in Berkley Square, where I found our dear Miss Temple much better than your last accounts of her left room to hope for. She is very much altered, and extremely weak, but calm and resigned beyond example.—Sir

Charles

Charles is not like the same creature ;
 so pale, so melancholy and so affect-
 ing !—I am surprized when I reflect
 in how short a space the situation of
 this once happy family is reversed.—
 You cannot conceive how gloomy
 every apartment in the house appears.
 Indeed, for a long time past, I have
 seen nothing but sorrow.—I had a
 dull journey from Paris, for my
 Lord Robert did nothing but sigh
 and muse after he parted from you :
 only sometimes, when I burst into
 tears, he endeavoured to sooth and
 comfort me.—I was ill and frightened
 all the time we were upon the water,
 and we came post from Dover.—
 These things I hope will excuse for
 my wretched scribble, especially when
 Charles

H 5

you

you know I have not yet slept in England.

I fear we must not hope to see you soon, if your aunt pursues her intention of going to Aix la Chapelle—pray present my respectful compliments to her, Sir Oliver and Mr. Armitage.

I remain your most affectionate and obliged

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

IT is impossible to express the pleasure I feel, that it is now in my power to inform you that Miss Temple is pronounced out of danger. As soon as she is able to bear a carriage we are to go down to Spencer Park, and I flatter myself the country air will entirely re-establish her health.

Ah, Miss Armitage! how deservedly does she hold that exalted place in

your heart? with what magnanimity has she supported herself in the most awful circumstances! The remembrance of it will never be effaced from the minds of those who have seen her meet even death with composure.— For my own part, I feel so much inferiority when in her presence, that I can fancy myself a being of a lower order.—Her sentiments are so exalted, and her expressions so refined, that her conversation seems (if you will allow the expression) to diffuse a kind of heavenly frenzy over my soul.

Yesterday she asked Sir Charles if her fever had entirely left her. He answered in the affirmative. “Then (said she) I hope I may be indulged with

with seeing the child without any danger to it." It was accordingly sent for, and the nurse laid it on the pillow beside her.—She put her arm round it, and laying her cheek to its little face, burst into a passion of tears. The nurse was going to take it away, but Sir Charles prevented her, and sent her into the next room.

When Miss Temple became a little more composed, he knelt down by the bed-side, and putting her hand to his lips said "Dear Antonia, this is the child of your future care, may she inherit your virtues!—You are the guardian of the only remains of my Emilia—let not the task be a painful one—let the affection you bore

bore *her* be transferred to her infant
---do you honour it with your care,
and its father with your friendship—

The wilderness of life may yet be beguiled by the consciousness of virtue, and we may still enjoy a happiness that is dependent on nothing below.”

---“The prospect is pleasing (replied she) the happiness in store for us is permanent and pure.

“Our dying friends come o’er us like
a cloud,

“To damp our brainless ardors; and
abate

“That glare of life, which often
blinds the wise.”

We know the real value of life. Let

us make our past anguish the foundation of our future happiness, "and from grief, call glory."

I might fill a quire instead of a sheet of paper, were I to recount half the affecting scenes I am witness to--- I hope my next will be dated from the country.---Miss Temple bids me tell you, she hopes ere long to be able to write to you, and in the mean time wishes to receive a letter from you.

Pray pardon all imperfections in mine, and believe me to be your affectionate, as I am

Your obliged friend,

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

TO LADY ARABELLA CLELAND.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I HAD not been here one half hour, before I sincerely wished myself with you again at Windsor. Every thing and every body here are so horribly gloomy, that, instead of three months, you would imagine Lady Spencer had not been dead three days. The very height of our felicity is to assemble in the sick room---a fine
 and field

field for a fine Lady to range in. I shall die of *ennui* before to morrow. You may bring the chariot for me; but I fear you will make nothing of my brother: he is so dull, and so sentimental, that, if he did not still retain that peculiar *je ne sais quoi* which we always admired in his manner, he would be absolutely disagreeable.

I am mistaken if you have any thing to fear from Miss Temple; for in my opinion the grave will soon end her novel.---Lady Mary Willmot has yet something of the ton remaining about her---I am deceived if she and Drummond are not in the high road to matrimony. --- *A propos*, Sophy and

and I have quarrell'd. The little
chit is absolutely hateful to me. I
made her whimper with telling her,
she only holds herself so demurely to
get a husband amongst them.

Adieu. I shall expect you to mor-
row, till when I shall impatiently
remain here, and yours,

JULIET SPENCER.

LET

LETTER XXIII.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

SPENCER PARK.

OUR journey hither has been less painful and fatiguing than I expected to our lovely friend, who seems much better since her arrival. She is now able to amuse herself with my little Emilia, who has learned to distinguish her, and springs with ecstacy to meet her opened arms. She presses the little urchin to her bosom, and, in

in spite of myself, kindles tumultuous emotions in mine. How enchantingly does she lavish her caresses upon it! How bewitching is her manner! but her vivacity often yields to a soft languor, and she is ready to faint from mere weakness.

Once observing her almost exhausted as she held the child in her arms, I took them both in mine; "Dear Antonia, (said I) how kind are you to the dead and to the living." And I kissed her cheek, and that of the little one. Had she blushed, or appeared confused, at the incident, I might have flattered myself that her feelings were responsive to my own; but she received it with that frankness

frankness which characterizes simple friendship, and with that innate dignity which raises her superior to every aspiring hope. She is extremely fond of Miss Mortimer; who is indeed a lovely girl, and is happy in the opportunity of forming herself by so bright a pattern.

I hope ere long to see you in possession of that felicity which you have every reason to hope for with Lady Mary. Hasten, my dear Drummond, seize an early moment, and put it out of the power of fate to disappoint you. I do not wish you to be so precipitate as to do any violence to her ladyship's delicacy; but a woman of tenderness and sentiment will never be displeased with

with a favoured lover, for discovering an impatience to be united to her in the most endearing bonds that mortality can forge.

I have just received a letter from Lady Bell Cleland. She is entirely the dupe and slave of her passions, and I am at a loss how to free myself from her importunities, without violating that delicacy which is due to her as a woman. She came to Berkley Square a few days before we left town, to take Juliet back with her to Windsor; and was shewn into a room which I had unluckily entered the moment before. I had scarcely time to speak to her, before she exclaimed with a look of anxiety and tenderness; "Oh, my
God!

God! Sir Charles! how are you emaciated! how pale, how altered you appear! But you are still insensible, still indifferent to what passes in my breast." "I have been insensible to every thing for a long time but the most piercing anguish, Lady Bell, (said I) and as you are not ignorant how mournfully I have been engaged, you ought to spare your reproaches. I must beg your ladyship will dismiss the subject, as my recent loss has left no propensity in my heart to do justice to your declarations." She took my hand, and had scarcely brought it to her lips, when she burst into tears, and hid her face in my bosom.

"Cruel Spencer, (said she) I would
gladly

gladly die to be so lamented ! I have ever loved you, though heaven and earth seemed combined against my passion. Can you be ungrateful ? Does your savage virtue exclude all tenderness ? or is your heart engrossed, not by your dead, but your dying angel ?" I started from the sofa, and would have left the room. "Forgive me, Spencer, (cried she) I retract whatever I have said to offend you ; your coldness maddens me---think what I feel. ---Do not wound a heart which beats for you alone.---You shall not despise me. I know not that poor affection which is awed by frozen prudence : mine is a glorious passion, which can surmount every interdict, and is worthy of its object---can you be so illiberal

val as to condemn it? I wish to sub-
 due your reason; my vanity will not
 suffer me to think any other appeal
 necessary." "Good God, Lady Bell,
 (said I) how you embarrass me! My
 heart is too much wounded to think
 of another tender connection; it is not
 mine to bestow, nor can I yet recall it
 from scenes which pierce it with una-
 vailing anguish." "Oh, Spencer,
 (returned she) how perverse is your
 constancy? how unhappily ordained
 to render me miserable? Is the heart
 that feels for all mankind, insensible
 only to *my* sufferings? Ungenerous
 Spencer! you are a slave to vulgar
 prejudice, and despise the heart that
 stoops to court you."

Juliet's entrance relieved me from a scene which encreased my embarrassment every moment.---I cannot express the thoughts which, on reflection, resulted from it.---How painful is it to an admirer of the sex, to know any individual of it deviate from that line of conduct, which, once transgressed, must inevitably render her contemptible? I am far from being so severe as to deem even a first declaration of love from a woman, a breach of modesty. There are circumstances that may palliate such a step; though in any case, it must be a violation of that delicacy that ever ought to characterize the sex. An ignorance of real life, and a set of notions formed in the regions of romance,

mance, have doubtless led many young ladies to act imprudently, who were by no means destitute of modesty. But Lady Bell is a woman of the world, and can claim no such allowances, nor raise in my breast any sentiments but those of pity and contempt.

When shall we see you here? the sooner, the more agreeable it will be to your faithful

CHARLES SPENCER.

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

SPENCER PARK.

AFTER an age of silence and sorrow I at length resume my pen. Oh, my Caroline! how would thy tender heart be wounded, could it conceive the anguish that mine has endured!—But I bless the hand that has afflicted me—I see the necessity of it, and I rejoice in the consequence. I have been at the very point of death, and every passion was extinct
that

that could pain or reproach.—Sir Charles was frequently with me, and having death in my view at the same time, I forgot to annex any painful ideas to his presence.

—My repose is now established upon a new plan. I shall ever enjoy his friendship, and unreservedly give him mine in return.—I will devote my choicest hours to the improvement of his child, and I hope to prove before I die, that I was not unworthy that request of his dying Emilia. Lady Mary Willmot is to be married to Mr. Drummond the next week. She urges me extremely to be present at the ceremony, but I can by no means consent to leave my little charge.

Sir Charles could not refuse their united requests to favour them with his company. — Alas ! It is little more than two years since they came down to Spencer Park on a familiar occasion. — Oh, death, how hast thou outstript time in thy devastations ! — Sophy goes with him, so that I shall be quite alone, except my little Emilia.

Adieu, my dearest Caroline, I remain your ever faithful and affectionate,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

L E T.

LETTER XXV.

To Miss Temple.

BERKLEY SQUARE..

IN scenes of hurry, in the gay world, in the midst of dissipation and variety, how gladly does my raptured fancy recur to those days of elegant delight I have spent with you.

—Dear Antonia! amiable friend! How sweetly have you beguiled sorrow of her claims! How has my listening soul been captivated by your

I. 4.

alluring

alluring virtue ! How have your divine accents persuaded it to peace and tranquillity, which else it had never known !

“ Celestial happiness, whene’er she
 stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess
 finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet
 amends
 For absent heaven—the bosom of a
 friend.”

Oh, Antonia, how has my heart been wounded by affliction ! let me hope too, that it has been refined. My repose I hope is now established : I bid adieu to the tumults of passion,
 and

and welcome the placid serenity of your friendship, which is a cheering star, whose gentle influence shall gild the evening of my life, and by whose lambent ray my soul shall pervade a happy futurity.—I dare not indulge my present humour; it will unfit me for every species of amusement in which I am engaged.—To morrow gives to my friend Drummond what he counts the sum of all his happiness.—Ah, may it be more permanent than mine has been! Yet why that discontented prayer? have I not told you that I had gained the haven of peace? that I was resigned to my fate, and pleased with the residue? Alas! the soul that is formed for the enjoyment of exquisite happiness, cannot at

once adapt itself to a medium.—But why do I say a medium?—attend not my lovely friend to these inconsistencies: In your friendship let there be no medium.

Give your little charge a kiss for me, and let me know by the return of the messenger that you pity and pardon the involuntary effusions of the heart of

Your friend,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

SPENCER PARK.

PERHAPS I was too happy in finding your heart so congenial to my own as your letter testified.—I am fearful of indulging any satisfaction which is derived from an earthly source.—Even friendship—our boasted theme, may be blasted by death, and its delights exchanged for the most

16 heart-

heart-rending anguish. Yet why should these gloomy apprehensions allay so rich a blessing?

"Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;

Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.

High flavoured bliss for Gods! on earth how rare!"

Ah! let me never add the following line.

"On earth how lost!—Philander is no more."

Forgive me—I meant to write a very chearful letter, but "my heart still dictates, and my hand obeys."—

I meant

I meant to tell you how sweetly my little charmer begins to prattle, how prettily she trips by my side, and, in short, of a thousand little gratifications I find in her company.---As an excuse for omitting it, I will suppose your own heart will suggest it to you, and that your prepossessions as a parent will give you an idea of mine as a fond enraptured friend.

I was at Granger Abbey yesterday. The house appeared larger to me than ever it did before---perhaps because I annexed the idea of its being mine.--- Seriously I think it too large for me. ---My heart overflows with gratitude to the dear testatrix, but methinks I should be lost in so spacious a mansion.

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on.---I like the situation of the farm exceedingly---I like the house too---It is calculated for me---"above a cot, below a seat." Let me have your opinion of the exchange---I am interested in it.---My letter is like a common-place-book for transitions and quotations.

Adieu. I remain your affectionate friend,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

YOU live at the farm my sweet
inconsistent friend! -- never will
I consent to it. -- Think in what
sphere you were designed to move,
and you will not wish to contract.
Already secluded from the world, in
the bloom of youth and beauty, devo-
ting the very sun-shine of your days
to maternal cares, without tasting or
com-

communicating that happiness which results from the union of two congenial hearts.---Oh, Antonia! my presumptuous heart expands with ineffable delight at the very idea of the bliss it had known "In some lone spot with peace and thee retired."

Forgive my presumption---Pardon my impetuous heart---Let me not lose your friendship---Forgive me again if I feel a softer sentiment---Yet suffer me to say that if your heart has surmounted its former attachment---perhaps---If you are offended I will not urge my fate---If favourable, you understand me.---I am on the rack of suspense---favour me with a line tomorrow---the messenger travels all night.

night. Again, I repeat it, let me never lose your friendship--- make no reserves---If you enjoin me silence I will obey without a murmur---But think, oh think! of the bliss you will bestow by a kinder sentence. ---
Adieu.

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

SPENCER PARK.

BY Lady Granger's bounty I have till now subsisted. What return shall I make?—shall I snatch from the dear infant that even now clasps my knees, that right which the liberality of its family have already impaired? Forbid it Heaven! I know the terms on which my little Emilia succeeds to the family Estate, and should.

should I introduce a being into the world to wrench it from her! Cruel Sir Charles! you have wounded my heart!--my pride!--How little firmness have you shewn. Let me call up your fortitude by revealing my own--it is in friendship, "*and I will make no reserves.*" "*My heart has indeed surmounted its former attachment.*" It never was attached to any man but Sir Charles Spencer! Virtue opposed the growing flame, till my life was nearly vanquished. That all-subduing power has retrieved my wayward mind, which now retains no trace of its former weakness. Let me not repent this frankness, nor do you reproach me by presuming upon it--Scorn to invade a heart which has already suffered

ferred too much from a sensibility of your perfections, but which is determined to break, rather than act repugnant to its own ideas of rectitude and honour. As you value my esteem let the subject never be renewed. I have taken this method to be secure from it---let me not be deceived in my opinion of you. My little Emilia is very well, and will not suffer me to add more than that I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

E.E.T.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

GRACIOUS Heaven! my adorable angelic girl---your frankness indeed has made me wretched. Had your *heart* rejected me I had been undone the common way. It was needless to add any poignancy to my misfortune. Oh, revoke the cruel sentence, and bid me live to your love!--Pardon the involuntary dictates of my heart---I submit, Antonia,

to

to your decree---let me do it in silence rather than forfeit your esteem.---I cannot write---I am fearful of saying too much, or too little---if too much, I hurt your delicacy; if too little, I wrong my own heart.

Think no more of the farm, I beseech you. Lady Granger always intended you should live at the Abbey. Were you to reside at the farm, your friends would be deprived of the pleasure of visiting you. There are no accommodations fit for you---mention it no more. I hope soon to see you at Spencer Park---Oh, let your face be drest in smiles, and kindly banish every apprehension of your displeasure.

Mr. Armitage has written to Sophy
Mortimer,

Mortimer, and entreats her to give him her hand without the knowledge of his parents, if *her* friends will consent to it. He pleads his being of age, and his father's persisting to urge an union between him and his cousin (your friend,) who has declared to him her pre-engagement to Lord Robert Wilmot, and would be the first to take the step herself, but that, in such a case, she would forfeit her fortune to her guardians.

Pray let us have your opinion, and permit me to subscribe myself,

Your devoted friend,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET

LETTER XXX.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

MY dear Antonia, for God's sake use your interest with Sophia Mortimer, to prevail on her to marry Mr. Armitage; for by that means only can I obtain any tolerable happiness.

I am mortified to death to reflect how I have danced into France and Germany with my incorrigible aunt, and that she has so little gratitude as
to

to persist in her unreasonable disapprobation of my Lord Robert, and Sir Oliver only waits for her nod to give his consent. God knows, if I could have believed she would have continued obstinate, she should have made her tour alone rather than I would have accompanied her. We are continually upon the move, so that I cannot bid you write. I know not how soon we shall return to England, but you shall hear from me again as soon as we arrive at Paris. I declare to you that I would leave them to-morrow, if I did not hope for the success of Mr. Armitage's scheme. I hope no delicacy of yours, my dear Antonia, will prove unfavourable to it. Consider upon how unequal a footing mankind would be, if delicacy

and tenderness must extend so far, to those who are incapable of either themselves, as to sacrifice the peace of those who possess them.

Mr. Armitage writes to Sophy by the same packet which takes this letter---every hour will seem a year to me till they are united for ever and ever.---Ah, my precious aunt! you may then go to the Spa again for consolation---but if ever I am brought there again it shall be in chains.

Adieu. I am your ever obliged and affectionate,

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

SPENCER PARK.

I AM not casuist enough to determine whether or no Mr. Armistage's scheme is strictly right. I confess myself inclined to favour it, as I think it the only expedient to make four amiable people happy. Yet if I thought that expedient an unjustifiable one, I would be the last person to recommend it. But whenever I attempt to argue the case in my own mind, I cannot help referring to a principle,

K 2

which

which pleads so strongly in favour of my friends, as to defeat every argument that would arise to thwart their wishes.

I cannot answer the other part of your letter—it is better let alone—we ought never to touch upon those subjects.—Doubt not my receiving you with every demonstration of friendship and esteem. I tell my little Emilia so frequently that her papa will come, that she is pleased with the repetition, and springs up in a rapture when she screams “papa.”—It is with sincere satisfaction that I always subscribe myself

Your faithful friend,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

PARIS.

MY dearest Antonia, I must once more beg your indulgence on the subject of my last.---My difficulties are augmented every hour. My aunt has more than once hinted a design of visiting Italy before she returns home, and Mr. Armitage is rendered incapable of going over to England by a fall from his horse. My spirits

are unable to support these repeated disappointments.

I have wrote again to Miss Mortimer and to Mr Drummond, and flatter myself they will comply with a request, which nothing but the most painful necessity could have prevailed on me to make---that of Sophy's coming over to Paris, and being married by the ambaffador's chaplain, with whom Mr. Armitage is intimately acquainted; as my cousin is unable to wait upon Miss Mortimer, and I have some apprehensions that the intended tour will commence before he can bear such a journey. I am not inclined to doubt the acquiescence of Mr. Drummond and Lady Mary,

Mary, nor of their accompanying her, which will effectually preclude the malevolence of censure. As Sir Charles Spencer is in London, and of their party, he may perhaps be prevailed upon to take a trip with them.

Ah, my dear Antonia! I have not half your fortitude, and blush while, to this proof of my weakness, I add the honoured title of your friend,

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

CALAIS.

O H! that I could tell my lovely friend that my bosom were as calm and unruffled as our passage has been---But let me not extend its tumults to yours---let me not incur your displeasure, nor transgress your commands---Happy Antonia!---but hush my heart!---may you ever be happy my adorable friend---as happy

as

as virtue (may I add ?) as indifference
can make you.

How foreign to my heart is every
other subject? Ah! let me live in
silent hope, and I will *endeavour* to
suppress each wish, to which your
will gives no sanction, nor ever wound
your ear with a prayer to which you
cannot be propitious. Every object
that meets my eye presents your i-
mage to my mind. Even now yon bil-
lowy surge, whose conflicting waves
for ever dash the shore, whether they
revisit it in high and foaming billows,
or in the smooth profound of a mov-
ing mountain, find it still immoveably
retaining its wonted place, as you
your wonted purpose.---Forgive me

K 5

for

for extending so far a subject so fatally ungrateful to her whom my soul aspires to please.

Our carriages are ready. How gay, how happy is Drummond! Sophy's vivacity is checked by the uncertainty of her fate---but her very doubts will serve to enhance her happiness---Ah, my God, what a prospect is mine! a kiss to my Emilia concludes me,

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

PARIS.

MY dear Antonia, I wish you were here, and could, for one half hour, divest yourself of that goodness, which checks the laugh that is raised at the expence of another. — Poor Lady Armitage finds herself foiled in her favourite scheme, and appears very desirous of adapting herself to the alteration of it with a good grace,

K 6

and

and is really quite smirking upon the occasion.—Sir Oliver is not so obstinate as to retain any of his former opinions, except that women are head-strong and will have their humour.—But let me hasten to particulars.

We made a very agreeable addition to our party of an English nobleman and his lady, who came to our hotel a few days after I wrote last. They have spent the winter in Italy and are now returning to England.—His extensive acquaintance with men and manners renders him a most agreeable companion, and he has frequently amused us over the desert with little anecdotes relative to those
with

with whom he has been acquainted, who have suffered confinement in the Bastile; and I have often been diverted to observe with what avidity my aunt would listen to those narrations which had any thing of the marvellous in them. A private lodging had been procured for Mr. Armitage in preference to the hotel, till he was perfectly recovered; in which, however, he chose to remain, that he might be at leisure to enjoy the company of Sophy and the rest of his friends from England, with whom I believe he made many agreeable parties, at a time when Sir Oliver and my lady did not imagine he was able to leave his room.

Early

Early one evening our little party was assembled, and my aunt as usual entreating Lord Offerton to favour her with some farther particulars on the Bastile subject, and blessing her stars that she was born in a free country: "take care, Lady Armitage, (said his Lordship humorously)-you are now amongst your friends only, but many people have been seized by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, for words of as slight import as those you have now uttered." She seemed startled, but begged him to renew the subject.

Her insatiable curiosity inspired me with a very waggish (perhaps you will think a very *wicked*) scheme, in which I proposed as much interest as diversion.

diversion. Accordingly I withdrew, and sent for Mr. Armitage, to whom I imparted it—and in about an hour after I returned to the company, an anonymous letter was sent by Mr. Armitage and given to Sir Oliver. My aunt begged him not to open it, as Lord Offerton was in the middle of a most interesting narrative---But his Lordship politely declined finishing it, till Sir Oliver had perused his letter.

Think, dear Antonia, the astonishment which suspended all present except myself, when he read, with a look of horror and a faltering voice, the following words,

TO SIR OLIVER ARMITAGE.

"SIR,

Your son dined at the Spanish ambassador's yesterday, where he let fall some unguarded expressions which have offended some of the court, and for which they have obtained an order to confine him in the Bastile.—It is already executed, and that so privately, that you would still have been ignorant of it, but that Mr. Armitage has prevailed on me to inform you, to save you the pain which an uncertainty of his fate would occasion; though at the hazard of my own life, as I am employed by the ministry, and enjoined strict secrecy.—I flatter myself

myself you will not make so bad a return for this intelligence, as to betray it; but wait for some event which may again inform you of his misfortune."

I was really concerned at the unhappy effect it produced. My uncle could not at first believe it, as he said he was certain his son was still too much indisposed to leave his apartments—but on sending thither, and then to the Spanish ambassador's, he was assured that Mr. Armitage had really dined there the preceding day.

"Oh, good Lord, Sir Oliver! (said my aunt) this is dreadful indeed!"—

"Would

"Would to God (answered my uncle) I had never set foot in this cursed country. I have lost my boy for ever--- the devil take your Montpeliers and German Spas for me---I wish to the Lord we had kept clear of them."---

"Sir Oliver (replied my aunt, reddening,) how can you talk in that vile manner? I should have been dead by this time if I had remained in England, and God knows (lowering her voice and at length weeping) if I could have foreseen this calamity, I would have preferred my grave to it."

After some time I seated myself between them, and begged their attention for a few minutes to what I had to say --- and then proceeded, "I should

should be sorry to add to your concern on this occasion, but as I think it necessary that you should guess at the source of your affliction, before you can view it in a proper light, I must take the liberty to say, that I look upon it as a judgment for your late unjustifiable conduct to Mr. Armitage and myself.---Though we each repeatedly assured you that our hearts were otherwise engaged, you continued to urge an union betwixt us, and by that means rendered us the innocent obstacles to each others happiness.---You exercised an unjust power over *me particularly*, and you see it has pleased providence to set me free by enslaving my cousin.---If what I have said appears too severe, I will

will soften it by reminding you, that this is a milder fate than that which you had reserved for him---an union, at which his heart revolted, and which would involve another in his wretchedness."---"Hold your tongue, child, (said my uncle sobbing) you have said enough---you are at liberty to dispose of yourself as you please---the fault was not mine but Lady Armitage's---Women *are* so head-strong---But if ever I set eyes on my dear boy again, he shall marry whom he likes, by the vengeance."

He and my aunt then retired, and left me at liberty to acquaint Lord and Lady Offerton with the whole affair. We concluded it best not to keep

keep the disconsolate pair in suspense. My Lord therefore went to Mr. Drummond's hotel, where Mr. Armitage was, to acquaint him with the happy consequences of our scheme. And in the mean time I went up to Sir Oliver's apartment, to tell them that his Lordship was gone to use his interest to get Mr. Armitage released, which could only be done by the connivance of those who had him in custody, and must therefore be conducted with the utmost privacy. They were not slow in conceiving the most romantic hopes of success, which were happily confirmed by his lordship's return.

The next morning Mr. Armitage

was

was presented to them as one newly risen from the dead, and an universal amity succeeded our late commotions. Sir Oliver is preparing to return to old England, where he may rest secure from inquisitions and imprisonments---Sophy and her party are already gone, as the happy revolution in Sir Oliver's resolution has rendered her intended sacrifice of decorum unnecessary---I have not had the pleasure of seeing any of them.

Adieu, dear Antonia, believe me to be

Your Affectionate,

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

TO MISS TEMPLE.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

YOU have by this time received a letter from Miss Armitage, which makes it unnecessary for me to enter upon any subject foreign to my heart, if the felicity of my friends can be called so.—Ah, my lovely friend! will my little Emilia ever make so improper an estimate of the tinsel of wealth, or the gaudy plume of fortune, as to thank you for purchasing them for her at the expence of her father's peace?

How

How can I behold the blifs of others without fighting for it myself? You, only, Antonia, can bestow it—and can you, will you with-hold it?

Sir Oliver has accepted my invitation to reside in Berkley Square while the double marriage is celebrated, and is already arrived. Miss Armitage insists on your honouring her nuptials with your presence: if you consent to it, oblige me with a line, and appoint a time and place for me to meet and conduct you hither.

Adieu, dearest Antonia—be not in the general joy unmindful of
your ever devoted,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

SPENCER PARK.

MEET me then at St. Albans on Thursday. I am unable to answer your letter---This is the first time I have held a pen since my arm was broke.---My heart is torn to pieces---cease to use the power you have over it so ill.---I am distressed by you, and for you---the pain I feel on that account makes me insensible to that which waiting gives me. I love you, Sir Charles---but can I give you no proof of it, but by rendering myself

VOL. II. L unworthy

unworthy of you? Cease to demand such a sacrifice.---Ah, let me never lose the silent approbation of my own heart---not even *your* love could repay me.

Painful is the sacrifice I make to friendship. With reluctance I leave my little Emilia and these dear shades: with heart-felt pleasure I shall return to her and them.---Ah, Sir Charles! let me not seek in vain for a peaceful asylum.---Do not *you* invade that happiness which you alone can give. Adieu.

I am your affectionate friend,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

TO LADY MARY DRUMMOND.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

HOW concerned I am, dear Lady Mary, that you are still detained at Richmond? Miss Armitage joins me a thousand times a day in wishing you here. We depend on your promise of being with us when we resign our liberty. Lord and Lady Offerton

have promised to honour us on that day with their company; at present they have visitors from Italy, a Lord and Lady Mountvillers, who will leave them in a few days. I waited upon Lady Offerton this morning with Miss Armitage. Her Ladyship enquired after you.—Lord and Lady Mountvillers were with her, and in all my life I never saw a couple with so much elegance and dignity about them, though they are both past the bloom of life. Our whole party dines with them to-morrow, and Lady Offerton wishes you to meet us there.

Sir Charles is gone to meet Miss Temple; they are expected every moment.

MISS TEMPLE. 220

ment.—My messenger I hope will
return with the assurance of seeing you
to morrow.

I am

Your ladyship's

most obliged,

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

L 3

LET

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO LADY MARY DRUMMOND.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

A Violent head-ach prevented me from accompanying our friends to Lord Offerton's. I am now much recovered; and if I continue better, shall go to them in the evening.

Our dear Miss Temple arrived last night, and is, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her arm was broke
a little.

a little while ago by holding it against one of the park gates, which would otherwise have clapped upon the child. Sir Charles is very much affected by what he calls this painful proof of her affection for it. Miss Armitage seems entirely engrossed by her friend, and in her presence lays aside that lively capriciousness which gives her friends in general both pleasure and pain. Do not fail to be with us on Monday, for the day following is to confirm the fate of my future life.

I am

Your ever grateful,

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO LADY MARY DRUMMOND.

BERKLEY SQUARE.

I Sincerely wish, my dear Lady Mary! that your commands had been laid on an abler pen than mine, to inform you of what passes here during your absence: for I am really unequal to the task, and can only rely on your goodness to pardon every defect in a narrative, which its own importance only can render interesting.

As

As soon as I had dispatched my last billet to your ladyship, I went to dress, and was set down at Lord Offerton's about six in the evening. I was greatly alarmed, as I ascended the stairs, by hearing Miss Armitage scream; and when I entered the drawing-room, a scene, at once distressing and mysterious, presented itself before me. On the sofa was Lady Mountvillers without any apparent signs of life, surrounded by Lady Offerton, Miss Armitage, and Sir Charles, who were administering remedies to her. Miss Temple, sobbing, pale and breathless in the arms of Lord Mountvillers, alternately clasping her hands, and looking up to heaven, and sinking in speechless agony on the bosom of his

L. 53 Lordship.

Lordship. Sir Oliver Armitage stood in the middle of the room with his arms folded in mute astonishment; his lady running from the sofa to Miss Temple, wishing for Lord Offerton and Mr. Armitage who were gone out together, taking Sir Oliver's hand, and letting it go again, and in short, shewing a confusion so whimsical, as at any other time would have been laughable—Indeed I fear the part I acted was not more rational, as I was totally suspended with a scene so utterly unaccountable. — At last, “for Heavens sake, (said I) my dear Miss Temple, what is the matter?” She burst into tears, and again sunk on the bosom of my Lord, who ardently pressing

pressing her to it, exclaimed, "Great God! my Antonia!"

I began to despair of being informed of an event in which every one appeared too much concerned to inform me—But Sir Oliver appearing more disengaged than any other person, I applied to him for an explanation.—His reply was characteristic, "Nay, by the vengeance, but I scarcely know myself, I am so confoundedly astonished—But Miss Temple by some means or other is daughter to Lord Mountvillers—God knows *how* it is, but *so* it is I believe."

Even so my dear Lady Mary; I cannot bear to keep you in the sus-

pence in which I was so painfully detained myself.—You saw Lady Granger's long narrative to Miss Temple; there is an intimate connection between it, and this eclaircissement.—The account which Lady Granger received from Madame du Pouvy of the death of Lord and Lady Mountvillers (who in the narrative are only mentioned by the family name of Temple) was concerted for the security of her brother-in-law the governor of the Bastile; who, at the hazard of his own life, had contrived and executed a plan for his Lordship's escape from that gloomy confinement.—The amiable pair, deeply impressed with a sense of his humanity, and the fatal consequences which must attend him, should

should the transaction ever be discovered, made no scruple of entering into the most solemn engagements to him, that they would reside in a foreign country, and under a borrowed name, during his life, without having the remotest intercourse with their friends or native country, till his death should free them from every restriction, which a regard for his own safety had exacted from them.

After receiving from Monsieur du Pouvy the money which had formerly been deposited with him, they repaired to Venice; where they lived in great privacy for the space of fourteen years; not without hopes of one day revisiting England, and embracing

cing their child; for whose safety, if living, they had no fears, as they reposed an implicit faith in the friendship of Sir William and Lady Granger.

Lord Mountvillers had, one evening, the good fortune to save the life of a nobleman, who was set upon in the street by two armed men in masks. One of them received a mortal wound from Lord Mountvillers, and the other made his escape.

The gentleman to whose rescue he had so opportunely arrived, was warm in his acknowledgments; and said, that the person who owed his life to him was the Count de Elvini, who would rejoice in devoting that life to the service of him who had saved it at the risk

risk of his own.—The Count being pretty far advanced in years, found himself extremely exhausted with the rencounter; and the house where Lord Mountvillers resided being in the same street, they repaired thither, and the Count spent the night with them.

In the morning, this nobleman discovered that the person whom Lord Mountvillers had killed was his own nephew, who had thus basely attempted his life, that he might enter into immediate possession of his estate, knowing his uncle's will was made in his favour. The Count Elvini, struck with the ingratitude of his own family, altered his will, and left to Lord Mount-

Mountvillers a considerable part of his fortune.

During the remainder of Count Elvini's life, his happiest hours were spent in the society of the amiable exiles: who, at last, by his earnest entreaties, were prevailed upon to reside entirely with him. His death happened not long after; and the legacy which he had left them, raised them from the obscurity in which they had formerly lived.

About this time their acquaintance with Lord and Lady Offerton commenced, who have ever since paid them an annual visit. Just after they had last parted from them,
and

and joined Sir Oliver's party at Paris, they received intelligence of the governor of the Bastile's death; on which they immediately prepared to return to England. He secured a friend at the English Court in the Duke of ----, with whom he had been acquainted at home; to whom he now gave a particular detail of all the circumstances of his life. The honours and estate of his family have been graciously restored to him by the king.

I have been so entirely engaged in writing these particulars, that I have not had time to tell your ladyship the chagrin I felt, that you could not be present on the most important

portant occasion of my life; nor the mortification all your friends feel, that you are not able to go down with us to Spencer Park. The excessive hurry of my spirits, renders me unable to write any thing fit for your perusal.---Our party will be divided between Spencer Park and Granger Abbey.---With best wishes for the recovery of your grandmother,

I am

Your Ladyship's obliged,

SOPHIA ARMITAGE.

LET-

LETTER XL.

TO SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

GRANGER ABBEY.

SURROUNDED by our numerous
and amiable friends, in their hap-
piness shall we, Sir Charles, forget
what is due to our own? — Why with
averted eyes do you meet me? why
seek no opportunity to tell me what
honour and virtue no longer forbid me
to hear? Has my change of fortune
caused

caused a change in your heart? — Do mine more justice than to suppose the alteration in it is effected by a motive so mean, as that stoical pride which scorns to receive an obligation. — Your heart has ever been of too much value in my estimation to suppose its worth could either be augmented or lessened by any thing which fortune could give or take away.

Nothing but the duty which I owed to my deceased, as well as my surviving Emilia, should have made me thwart, as I have done, your happiness and my own: — they are inseparably connected, and I have reluctantly wounded that peace which is dearer to me than my own.

My

My rank and fortune I offer not to you, but to those obstacles which divided us. Accept your faithful Antonia, whose heart is of as little value, as when you professed yourself a candidate for it --- I am not apprehensive of lessening it in your eyes, by making so free a tender of it.

Adieu.

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET.

LETTER XLI.

TO LADY ANTONIA TEMPLE.

SPENCER PARK.

OH, my ever adorable Antonia! ill should I merit the happiness reserved for me in you, were I indifferent enough to combat your present determination---yet might not I, with equal propriety, decline the bliss of calling you mine, were I swayed by that cruel refinement, which prevailed in your heart over every plea that I could

could urge? But one thought on that subject sheds a sweet delirium over all my senses, and I am fain to close my aching eyes, overpowered as they are by the heaven I contemplate in you. —Oh, Antonia! how long has this devoted heart been made the sport of erring chance and wayward fate! Never till this moment could it expiate freely on the bliss it languishes to taste. How ardent, how animated are my emotions!—Shall my soul at last be wedded to yours, and enjoy all that happiness which results from an union of the heart and the soft interchange of the most tender and delicate sentiments!

Adieu, my charming girl, my letter

ter will scarcely reach you, before I
shall myself be happy in your pre-
sence.

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

TO LADY ANTONIA TEMPLE.

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

ACCEPT my thanks, dear Lady Antonia, for your obliging favour,* which was given to me as soon as I arrived in town.—Our journey had been postponed a few days on account of Lady Armitage's being slightly indisposed.

Vou. II. M. I imagine

* This Letter does not appear.

I imagine you have not yet heard of Miss Spencer's marriage with Lord Cleland : it was solemnized a few weeks ago at Windsor, and is yet known but to a small circle of their acquaintance. I met her last night at Vauxhall ; she left her party, and singled me out from mine, of which Harry Marshall made one—she did not at first perceive him, but we met him in the walk as we returned. She screamed at the sight of him, and seemed ready to faint ; he supported her to one of the seats, and when able to speak, she exclaimed, " Wretched Juliet ! what hast thou lost ! Oh, Marshall, I am undone—I was prompted by folly and fashion to renounce you—you have your revenge, and I am

am miserable!" Mr. Marshall had not, till then, heard of her marriage: he was much hurt at the rencounter. Lady Cleland left the gardens with apparent discomposure. I sent to enquire after her health this morning, and she was much better.

I am concerned to communicate such disagreeable intelligence, but Sir Charles, on your imparting it to him, may perhaps endeavour to alleviate her distress.—Mr. Armitage joins my regards to you.

SOPHIA ARMITAGE.

M 2 LET-

LETTER XLIII.

TO LADY CLELAND.

SPENCER PARK.

YOU have by this time, my dear Juliet, experienced that virtue alone is happiness below? I mean not to reproach you, it is now too-late: but let me entreat you to return to that path from which you have unhappily strayed: and though you are cut off from some things which might have administered to your happiness,

you

you have yet many resources within yourself.—Study to reclaim and please your husband, and avoid seeing Harry Marshall. Guard your heart against such a dreadful apostacy as a love for any man, but him to whom you have vowed eternal constancy. Think not to obtain bliss by the unrestrained indulgence of licentious wishes; nor pant after that freedom which virtue forbids: for there is more pleasure in being restrained by her rules, than in ranging lawless through the destructive fields of passion and inclination. Exert your power of pleasing to charm your husband, who is a man of understanding, though a libertine. Engage all that is generous about him to make you a suitable return.

A little time, I flatter myself, will
 see me united to the most charming,
 and most amiable of women. Adieu.

I remain

your affectionate brother,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET -

LETTER XLIV.

TO LADY ANTONIA TEMPLE.

SPENCER PARK.

WHAT a blissful earnest of my future happiness did I enjoy in our delightful ramble!—how sweetly shone the full orb'd moon in maiden majesty! The softened lustre of the scene, and the tranquillity which reigned in both our hearts, made our enjoyment scarcely favor of mortality. When I came home I found Harry Marshall arrived, who tells me that you may expect your friend Lady

LET

M 4

Willmot

Willmot and Mrs. Armitage, with their respective mates, in a few days— Ah, my angelic girl! let a few, a very few days after those, put a period to all my petitions, by giving me all I can ask.

Adieu. Were I to proceed, my enraptured soul would be too profuse of its effusions. Let me engage an advocate in your own spotless bosom, to plead my cause with all the divine energy of love, and all that ethereal and delicate purity which characterizes your heavenly mind.

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

TO LADY MARY DRUMMOND.

GRANGER ABBEY.

COMMISSIONED by Sophy, I sit down to inform your ladyship, that this blessed morning gave to Sir Charles the object of all his wishes.

You never saw any thing half so di-

M 5

vine

vine as Lady Antonia—How resplendent, how delicate is her complexion ! how unclouded the beautiful chrystal of her eye ! I protest to you I was half jealous of Lord Robert—but who in the name of beauty, could have eyes for any object but the bride ? her behaviour to Sir Charles was engagingly delicate, and enchantingly tender.—With what enthusiastic delight did Lord and Lady Mountvillers alternately clasp her to their fond bosoms !—I cannot describe Sir Charles ; but am half tempted, in a fit of delightful frenzy, to invoke from the shades, some of the great Poets who have long slept there unmolested, to rise and sing these wonderful lovers—but my spells have

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no charm, you must therefore be content to have it only from

LETTER XLV.

Your

CAROLINE WILLMOT.

TO LADY WILLMOT.

M
You need not be told that it is impossible for you to have the same confidence of all my words. And it is some of the most precious of my life, to be able to reveal of destiny -- I am happy to have you even my witness. My love have often been on the verge of my reason, no

LET-

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LETTER XLVI.

TO LADY WILLMOT.

SPENCER PARK.

MY dearest Caroline, you have been witness to my happiness! You need not be told that it is inexpressible. You have been the faithful confidant of all my woes, and it is but just you should partake of my happy reverse of destiny.---I am happy beyond even my wishes. My senses often seem on the verge of my reason,
till

till the sweet delirium of my soul
subsides into a calm and substantial
conviction of my actual blessedness---
I have not a wish left unfulfilled on
earth; and I am startled when I re-
flect how many of its charms must
fade, before I could consent to leave
it---But distant be the thought.

My Sir Charles, my honoured pa-
rents, my little Emily, All join in
love to their dear Lady Willmot.

I am my dear Caroline's

ever faithful,

ANTONIA SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

TO BLOUNT DRUMMOND, ESQ.

SPENCER PARK.

WHAT a miser must I be, were
 I to confine to my own bosom
 the nameless transports by which it is
 inspired? Oh, Drummond! what a
 transformation! Your once melan-
 choly foreboding friend may now
 truly be stiled the happy and the en-
 viable.---How does every bound of
 my enraptured heart contradict the
 assertions

assertions of the wise of every age;
*That the soul is never satisfied; the void
 of the human mind never filled; but
 that the man who is blest above his
 peers, has still something to hope, some-
 thing to fear, and something to regret!*

---I have nothing to hope, but that
 each day will return with the same
 balmy freight with the preceding one.
 And could I have a fear, it would be
 of an end of my bliss. But one sweet
 smile from my angel wife would ba-
 nish every untoward suggestion of my
 imagination. I have no regrets---I
 would not exchange my situation to
 be master of the world---to reign over
 my Antonia's gentle heart, is more to
 me than the most potent empire.
 My sollicitude heightens my enjoy-
 ment

ment with a woman of my Antonia's pre-eminence of soul, her delicacy and transporting tenderness—Boundless prospect! sweet expanse of elegant affection!

The sound of my Antonia's voice obliged me to lay down my pen.—Softly I stole to the apartment from whence it proceeded, where I beheld my angel knelt upon the floor, while my little Emilia threw its arms round her lovely neck, and received a profusion of fond endearments.—Then the dear playful little wanton, seizing her rucker, revealed charms which are sacred from every eye, but those which then beheld them.

“Stop

"Stop my love (cried my charmer) and tell me who I am,"---"Mamma, my Mamma" returned the dear infant, which she again clasped to her snowy breast.---I could no longer forego those dear careffes, but rushing in, caught them both in my arms,---How sweetly did my angel blush?---Taking Emily in my arms, as I sat beside Antonia, I said with a little archness, "Emily, who have we got here? what do you call that lady?" The child replied as before, "My Mamma"---I smiled and my sweet girl hid her glowing face in my bosom---"I have often wondered, my love, (said I) that you did not always teach this child to know you by that epithet, as you so truly supplied the place."

place."—"Ah, Sir Charles! (said she, lifting her sweet blue eyes to mine) too well did I know the state of my heart to infuse into it such ideas as that name would have suggested. My emotions *now* need no control, they are authorized by virtue, by duty; and spring from love which I fear not to indulge---I am yours, and I am happy---I look on my past misfortunes as sent only to prepare me for the bliss I now enjoy, and to which they give an exquisite zest. What do I not owe to Heaven, that has in so short a space, given me a claim to the titles of child, of parent, and of wife?"

Could I convey to your mind, the
look

look with which her last words were accompanied, you would feel their full force--Adieu---You will think me intoxicated with my happiness---My angel approaches. Adieu.

CHARLES SPENCER,

T H E E N D.